75c March 23, 1974

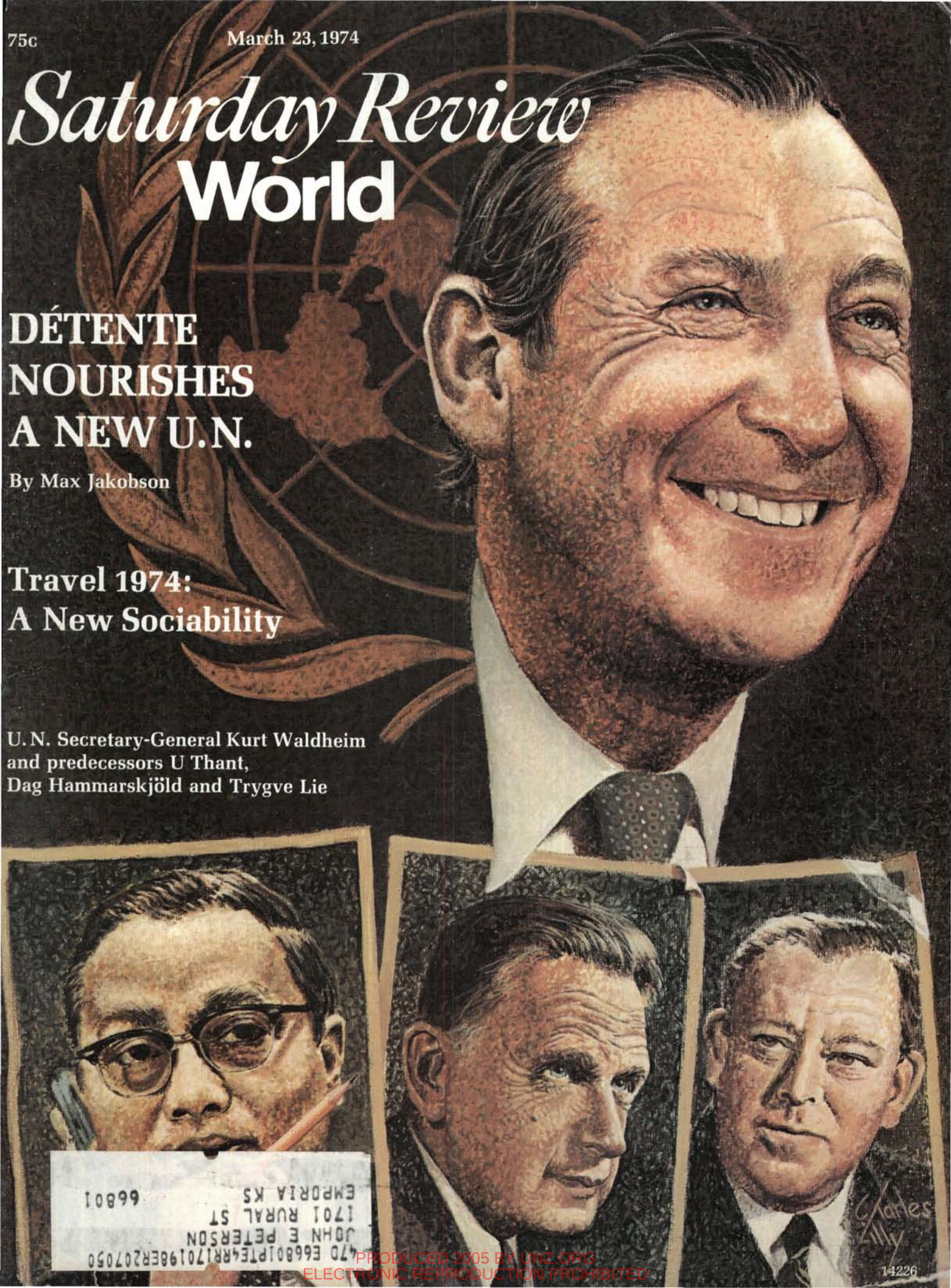
Saturday Review World

DÉTENTE NOURISHES A NEW U.N.

By Max Jakobson

Travel 1974: A New Sociability

U. N. Secretary-General Kurt Waldheim and predecessors U Thant, Dag Hammarskjöld and Trygve Lie



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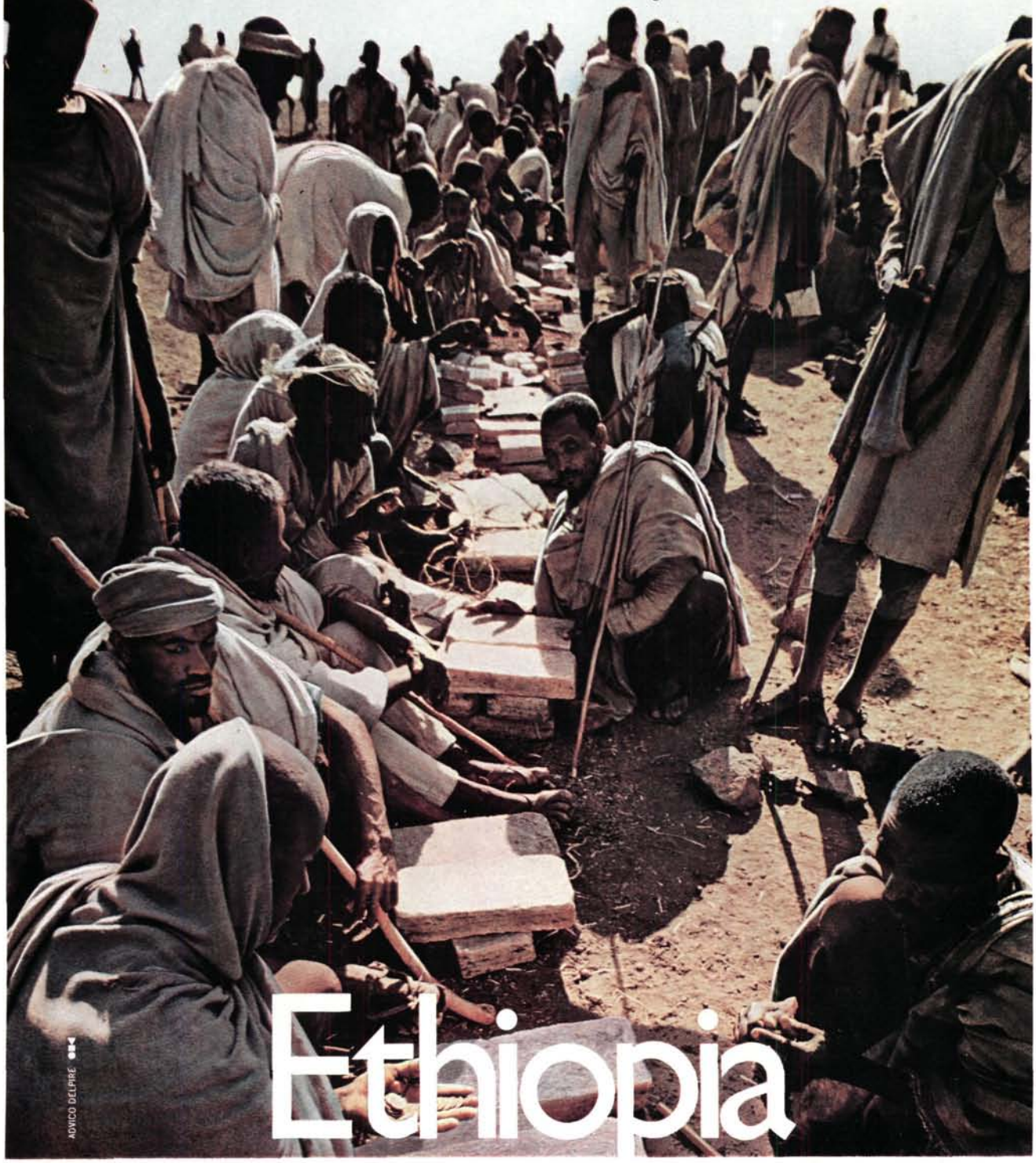

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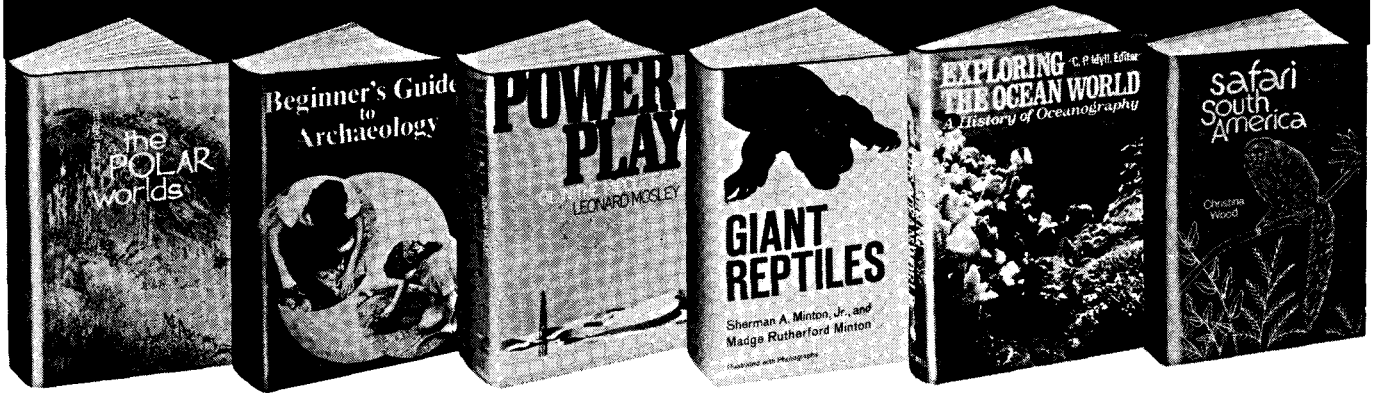

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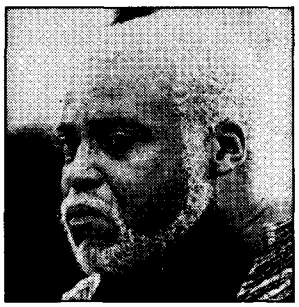

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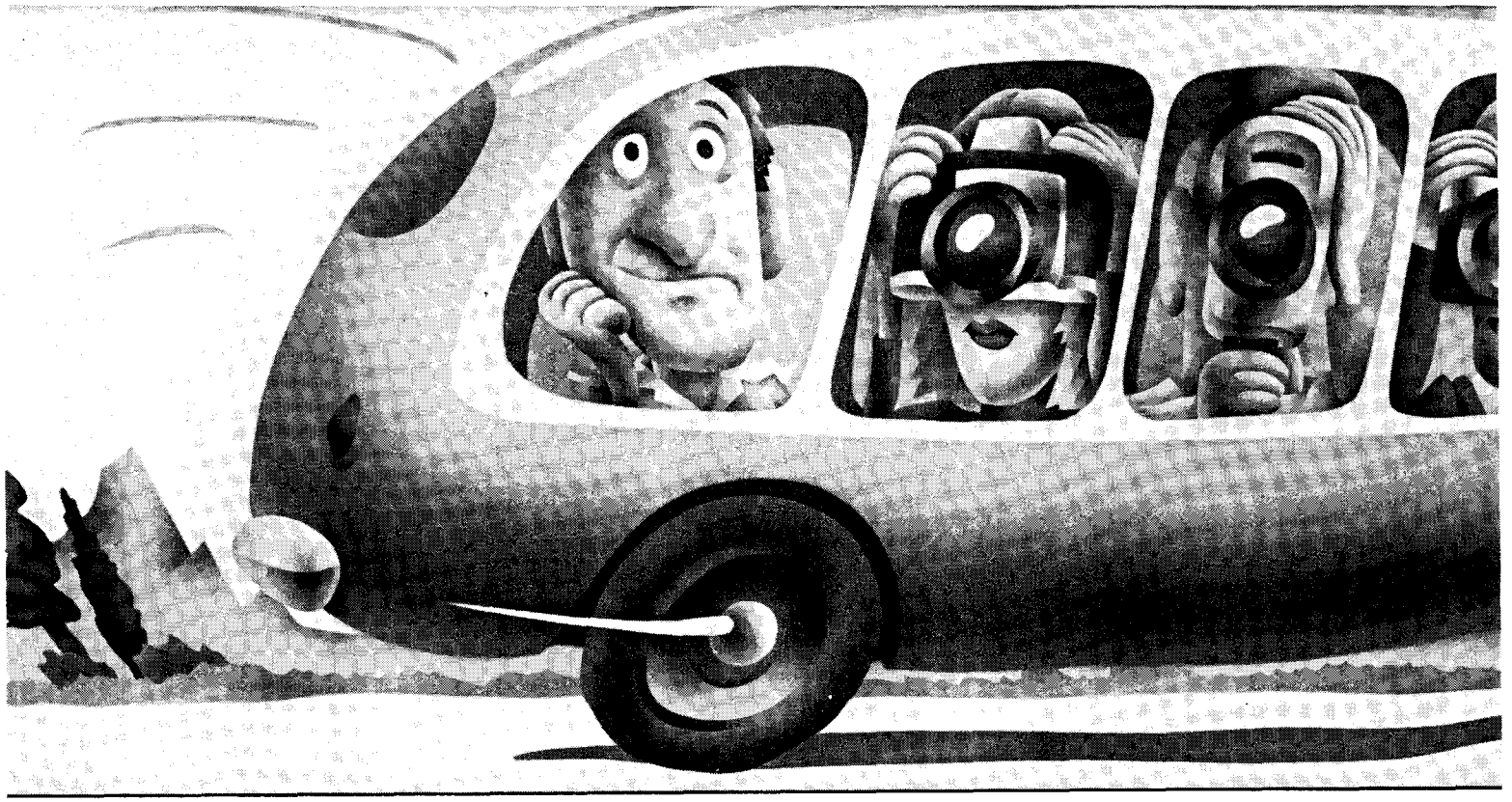

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The Stammering Society

It is not a major American problem on a par with inflation, the energy shortage, the arms race, or the poisoning of the environment, but it is worth serious attention nonetheless. I refer to the decline of language. On all sides, evidence is growing that the general vocabulary is shrinking. Color and variety are being drained from verbal communication. Stammering is in style; mumbling and fumbling and extravagant gesturing are the new standard. *Uhs* and *ums* have become a wild linguistic infection. The words *you know* and *I mean* are strewn like loose gravel through ordinary conversation, causing slippage in meaning. Grammatical errors and sloppy use of words that at one time would have produced instant and severe objection are now being easily accommodated.

It all started with a segment of our youth—not just as a point of stylistic assertion but also as a protest against the ends to which language was being put by their elders. In this sense, affected inarticulateness was more than a mannerism; it was a reaction by the young against what they considered smooth talk rather than straight talk. Along with long hair and blue jeans, incoherence became a readily recognizable part of the uniform of alienation. And, along with long hair and blue jeans, the tentative and jerky style of speech has now been adopted by the general populace. In a misguided effort to seem "in," some advertising writers are equating execrable English with smart salesmanship.

One can understand why, a decade or so ago, the young bent speech to the purposes of generalized protest, but that does not mean the inarticulate mode should be allowed to become the standard. Nor is it a tribute to youth that so many people should now unwittingly take part in the downgrading of language.

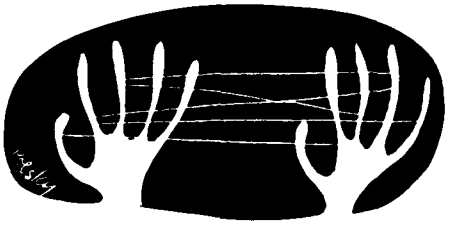
The first purpose of education is to enable a person to speak up and be understood. Incoherence is no virtue. Feeble language is the swiftest road to a feeble mentality. Even as an affectation rather than a basic condition, stereotyped inarticulateness tends to slow down and cheapen the entire verbal faculty. The trouble with four-letter words and foul language is not so much that they are offensive as that they are weak precisely at the points where they are supposed to be strong. Through incessant, indiscriminate use, they lose their starch and produce a flabbiness in the total effect. They devitalize everything they touch.

Just as the mumbling mode started with the young, so it is possible that the restoration of language may begin with them as well. The young people now in high school and in their early college years are not so militantly activist as the protest generation that preceded them; they tend to be more individualistic, less inclined to be pushed around or governed by pat formulations and group sloganeering. They don't believe in talk of generation gaps or in fixed notions concerning the supposed characteristics of human beings who belong to certain groupings. There is hope, therefore, that the new generation will see little value in perpetuating lazy language as a desirable or necessary end in itself.

Not everyone is lucky enough to be wealthy. But no one need be impoverished in language, nor need anyone be deprived of the distinction that comes from using words with strength and grace. The English language may not be as suitable as the German for scientific purposes, especially in medicine; and it may not have the suppleness and music of French; but in range, depth, and precision it is unsurpassed by any other Western language. These qualities are perhaps nowhere better illustrated than through its juxtapositions. Ninety percent of English words have precise opposites. Francis A. March, one of America's great lexicographers, spent most of his professional lifetime compiling lists of these antonymous pairings for his *Thesaurus and Dictionary*, by all odds the most useful wordbook of which I am aware. Over the years, I have become something of a one-man Gideon Society for this volume and was happy that I could persuade a publisher, a decade or so ago, to put it back into print. Through his ingenious tabular system, March was able to demonstrate the remarkably wide capacity and flavor of English.

Through the centuries, the refinement of English has become one of the prime achievements of the human mind, thanks largely to people who took the language seriously and regarded the creative use of words as the ultimate art. As a result, English has never been static; it has been constantly tested, refined, enriched. At times, it has suffered the ordeal of regression. The present age may be one of those bleak periods. This, then, is the time for all lovers of the language to recognize that it is in trouble, and to make an effort, a very special effort, to give it the attention it requires.

N. C.



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Letters From Readers

A Balancing Plan

Richard N. Cooper's informative article ("The 'System' in Disarray," January 26) is a tribute to him. I wonder why he omitted the most serious flaw in the Bretton Woods Plan: It attempted to achieve trade balance through a one-sided concern for nations importing in excess, with no concern for those *exporting* in excess, which, after World War II, became both the most frequent and the most damaging default.

Two Britishers brought separate plans that would have taken care of this in varying degrees. John Maynard Keynes suggested a "clearing union," with a new international monetary unit, BANCOR. There would be a tax on both deficits and surpluses, encouraging balance though not enforcing it. Keynes lost his health, I have been told, and died in disappointment over the Bretton Woods Plan.

The other plan, which would have *enforced* trade balance, was the "System of Multilateral Contra Accounts," proposed by the late A. de V. Leigh, secretary-general of the London Chamber of Commerce for thirty-five years and a driving force in world trade. His proposal called for the canceling of a surplus nation's claims, if within a limited time it did not avail itself of goods and services for the accumulated credits. For how could any country "pay" another except through its exports? The Bretton Woods Plan, on the other hand, offered dollar loans to a deficit country. How could such a country pay its debts in dollars by accepting a loan of more dollars?

. . . At the present time, the United States would not look so good proposing direct adoption of the Leigh plan, since we are now debtors and reap the benefit of having the debt canceled if other nations do not exchange their credits for imports from us. . . .

However, adoption of Leigh's plan in principle, adjusted to changing conditions, would reestablish balance and sanity and reward Leigh's untiring efforts, even though late in the day. . . .

Bryn Beorse
Keyport, Washington

Role of Gold

C. Gordon Tether knows his material very well and not only is an accurate historian but has a good basis in economics as well ("The Nine Lives of Gold," January 26). The United States, since the Bretton Woods Agreement, has exported inflation worldwide in the form of paper instruments. It is now catching up with us. Very few economists . . . have any notion of what this means to us as a nation. Neo-Keynesian economics does not understand the role of gold and does not understand the role of international trade in man's life. Mr. Tether has done a tremendous job in condensing and simplifying a subject that has been perplexing our own people for a number of years now.

Mark Nobel
President, CoinAmerica, Inc.
Phoenix, Arizona

Bargaining for Oil

Richard C. Longworth in his excellent article ("The Ecopolitics of Oil," January 26) wants a Western cartel, composed of Europe, the United States, and Japan, to negotiate with the Arab oil countries for an allocation of oil and also to supply the oil-producing Mideast with Western technology, financial advice, political support, etc. The cartel would apparently omit Russia and China. Who will prevent these two nations from supplying the Arabs with their necessities of life and so making a farce out of any Western cartel? Russia and China, I am quite sure, would not cooperate with any Western cartel because both countries are on the side of the Arabs. Thus, any Western cartel could easily be defeated by Russian and Chinese geopolitics.

The only answer is for the Western nations to engage in a crash program that would provide substitutes for oil . . . because then the Arabs would no longer be able to dominate the world scene by their command of the oil supply.

Irving Tross
Bronx, New York

Richard C. Longworth replies:

There is no reason to feel that the Arabs would consider Sino-Soviet technology or markets an attractive alternative to those in the advanced Western nations. Neither must one assume that Russia or China, both of which are striving to improve relations with the West, would automatically side with the Arabs. Both need Western technology more than they need Arab oil. And Russia, at least, no longer sees itself as a leader of the Third World but as an industrial European nation. In the end, the two Communist giants must be brought into any oil equation (indeed, the West and Japan are making oil deals with both now), but, for the moment, priority must go to building a new basis for relations between the Arabs and the non-Communist industrial countries.

"Can't we just once have an argument without you verifying everything?"

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World Progress Report

Who's Boss Here?

British workers with a grievance against management may have no one but themselves to blame under a new own-as-you-earn plan inaugurated by Parliament last December. The new Share Savings Scheme, an extension of an existing workers' savings plan, is designed to give employees a financial stake in their jobs beyond their regular paychecks.

The foundation of the scheme is the regular payroll savings plan, augmented with a bonus equal to one year's contributions, tax-free, at the end of five years. If the worker waits another two years to collect, his bonus is doubled. Either way he has the opportunity to translate his savings into shares of the company.

Participating companies, whose stockholders must approve, may offer one of three variations on the scheme. One simply offers the worker who joins the plan an option to purchase shares at a fixed price—often below market—when his savings plan matures. The second allows the worker to use a company loan for buying the shares, which are held as security until the savings account matures. As a third alternative, the worker may be allowed to buy his shares at the outset with a partial down payment, later using part of his savings to pay off the balance.

Lifeline

The often terrifying ordeal of hospital patients who have to receive blood, saline solutions, or other essential fluids intravenously has been eased by a new device developed at the Australian National University. The inventor, a scientific-instrument maker named Roy McDonnell, got his inspiration when he was himself a hospital patient fed by the "drip" method through a tube. He saw his fellow patients fearfully monitoring their life-sustaining arrangements of hanging bottles and tubes, refusing to sleep lest the vital drips slow or cease, calling for help whenever the rate of flow seemed to vary. Checking the standard intravenous setup, McDonnell found that the patients' fears were to some extent justified: Existing regulators—simple arrangements of tubes and clamps—allowed the flow of fluids to drop 10 percent within seven minutes and 30 percent or more after half an hour.

With the help of the clinical staff at the university's John Curtin School of Medical Research, where he works, McDonnell was able to devise a simple gadget that assures constant intravenous flow. His invention enables the fluid to pass through the threads on a tapered, screwlike shaft inside a tube. As the shaft is loosened or tightened within the tube, the passage for the fluid expands or contracts, precisely regulating the flow to the proper amount at the proper rate.

In tests the McDonnell device maintained a constant flow for the first seven minutes and lost only four drops a minute after one hour. Promising to replace complex electronic regulators too costly for use in ordinary cases, the new device is expected to sell for as little as $1.50.

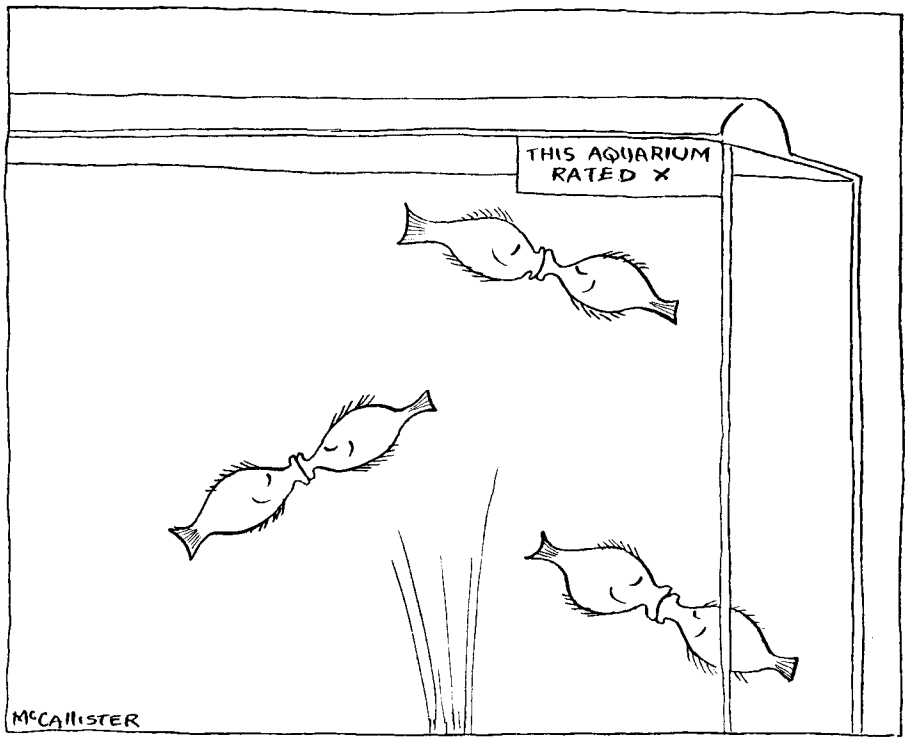
Used-Car Sale

Defunct automobiles, like used paper towels and soda-pop bottles, have become "disposable" items in a prodigal America. Fifteen percent of the six to eight million cars junked in the United States each year are never reprocessed, adding a million more hulks to a junkyard inventory that already totals fifteen to twenty million. Another 12 percent of all cars never even get to the junkyard. Some seventy-five thousand of them were simply abandoned on the streets of New York City alone last year, while uncounted tens of thousands more mar the rural landscape across the country. Weighing an average of 1400 pounds each, these auto corpses *derelicti* represent hundreds of millions of tons of ore laboriously torn from the earth, ten to fourteen million tons of metal exactingly processed and manufactured, and billions of dollars spent—all come to an economic dead end.

The reason for the traffic jam on the road to recycling has been the fact that junk cars have not been valuable enough to pay dealers to haul them away. In the last year, however, rising demand combined with supply shortages has driven the price of standard heavy melting steel from thirty-seven dollars a ton to about ninety dollars. Because more than half the raw material used in the manufacture of new steel is scrap, the value of junk cars has increased proportionately.

In Manhattan scrap dealers are now offering the city five dollars for cars they once had to be paid to take. Elsewhere in New York the price has risen to fifteen dollars, while it is twenty-five dollars and more in some other cities. The Bureau of Mines in Washington reports that the nation's 1973 appetite for recycled cars was up 10 percent over 1972, and it is expected to rise another 20 percent this year.

ANTHONY WOLFF



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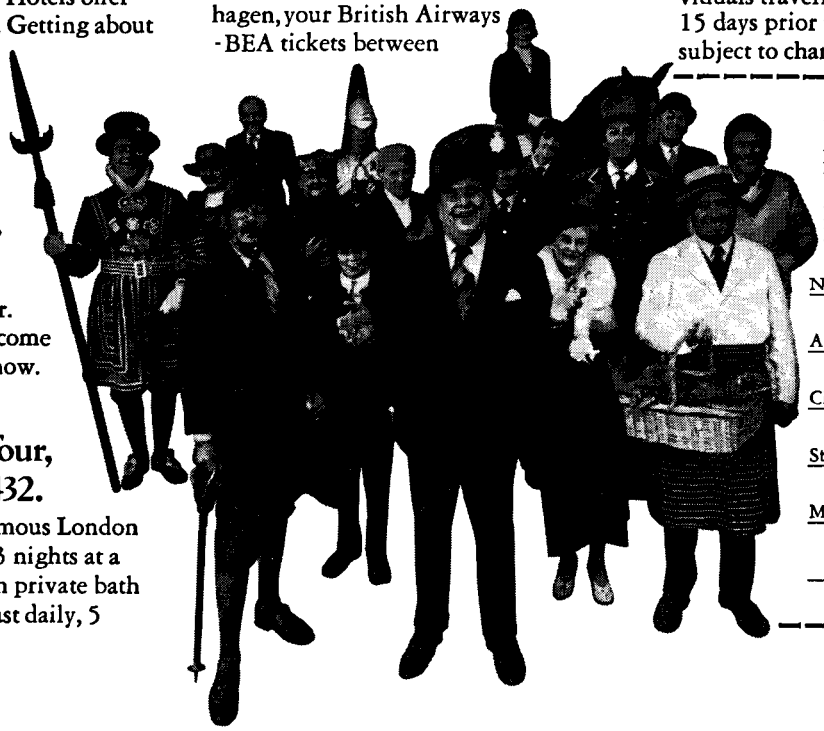

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Top of My Head

by Goodman Ace

The Chic Sheikh

And God said, Let there be light: and there was light. And God saw the light, that it was good.

But President Nixon said that's not good enough. "Let there be year-round daylight saving time," he said. And there was year-round daylight savings. And the Sun said, "That's better. Now I can sleep an hour longer."

Gods move in strange ways their miracles to perform. Sometimes they work. Sometimes not. As when Nixon said, "Let there be no recession in the United States of America." Lately I've been getting the feeling I am not living in the United States of America. If I am, it's by courtesy of the Arabian oil sheikhs.

To the President, the daylight saving plan seemed second best only to Joshua's commanding the sun to stand still. Mr. Nixon, of course, knew that the sun *does* stand still and the earth revolves around it. And he was not about to become the first President to command the earth to stand still. (And no letters, please, explaining that the sun does move.)

Personally, I saw this energy crisis coming some forty years ago, with the emergence of the original Sheikh of Araby, Rudolph Valentino. In my mind's eye there still run and rerun old movies of Rudolph Valentino and his oil-slickened hairdo. There was no oil shortage for him.

Rudolph Valentino had no energy crisis of any sort, even though each night, when he was fast asleep, the beautiful Vilma Banky into his tent did creep. Or Theda Bara. Or Agnes Ayres. It wasn't love that sent them creeping. It was oil, of which they had less than an independent gas station, while he had more than Exxon.

NOW WE LIVE in different times. Sheikhs don't look like Rudolph Valentino anymore. Not even the current sons-of-sheikhs. And now there's women's lib. Gloria Steinem would peer through her oversized spectacles with grievous disdain at the proposal that she creep into Faisal's tent. Nor would Bella Abzug creep into a tent, wearing one of her oversized hats and pleading for oil for the lamps of the Bronx.

"Dad, what did people talk about before Watergate?"

However, it is more than likely that President Nixon was never a Rudolph Valentino film buff. (That was way before George Scott's *Patton.*) Too bad. He could have come to share my early suspicion of sheikhs and my prescience that they would, one day, turn off their spigots of oil for America.

Possessing this weird sense of the occult and recalling old movies of Rudolph Valentino setting up tents in all that desert sand for Vilma Banky to creep across, I foresaw the day of our energy crisis a year of months before the great debate on whether there was, is, or will be a shortage of gasoline in our land.

So gone are the carefree, careless days. And we are carless. A pitiful plight exacerbated by the remembrance of Rudolph Valentino racing across the sands on his horse. *He* didn't have to worry about gasoline. And if his horse tired, there was always a camel. Which, as we all know, can go several days without refueling.

But I'm not complaining about this new way of making-do. Although I could. This winter my office has been like summer. No heat. When asked how I manage to work in this frosted cubicle, I gayly reply, "No sweat!"

No man could do less for his country. Although at times it does gall me when the curtains part on a TV giveaway game show to display the grand prize, a shiny new car.

Only one thing I don't understand about operating on daylight saving time. It's not a complaint. Just a wonderment. We get up at seven in the morning, when it's really six o'clock, and the house is pitch black. So, we turn on the lights an hour earlier to get the kids dressed to send them off to night school. And in the evening we turn on the lights later, when the sun sets, which, by standard time, would be an hour earlier.

To this inexperienced IBMer (itsy-bitsy moron), we break even, don't we? And all because of Rudolph Valentino and those daily lube jobs on his hairdo.

I believe they're trying to confuse us. Turning night into day and versa-vice. But try my patented formula for Happiness through Adversity. Simply say to yourself: "Oh, well, daylight saving or standard time, twenty-four hours from this very minute, today will be yesterday." □

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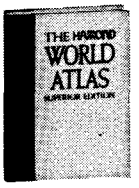

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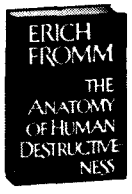

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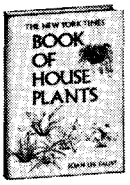

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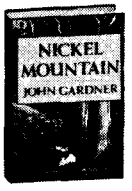

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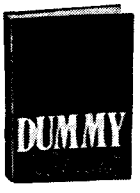

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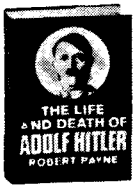

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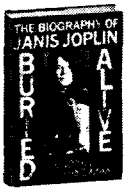

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Détente Nourishes a New U.N.

Events in the Middle East have strengthened the U.N.'s peacekeeping potential and have led to a redefinition of the hitherto ambivalent role of the secretary-general.

by Max Jakobson

When the Arab-Israeli war flared last October 6, many people instinctively asked, What is the United Nations doing about it? Hardly anyone expected a reassuring answer: The question was asked in despair or in scorn. Like an atheist's prayer, it expressed a deep-seated longing for some higher international authority that would stop other nations from disturbing our peace —a deity we know does not exist.

The answer to the question was, of course, that the United Nations was quite obviously doing nothing at all. The Security Council took more than two days from the outbreak of fighting to arrange a meeting. When it did meet, on October 8, its members staged a pointless and largely irrelevant debate. Four days later the speeches petered out, but the fighting in the Middle East grew fiercer. In the meantime the real search for peace went on elsewhere. The cease-fire agreement was made in Moscow, not in the Security Council. The warring parties were brought to the conference table by Henry Kissinger, while the United Nations mediator, Gunnar Jarring, remained unemployed. The United Nations stock declined to a point at which Secretary-General Kurt Waldheim himself felt the need to express "profound concern" about the role of the United Nations. Failure to act for the maintenance of peace, he said on October 11, might "jeopardize the central point of the organization's existence."

Max Jakobson, a Finnish historian and diplomat, represented his country at the United Nations from 1965 to 1972.

Yet even the superpowers found that they could not do entirely without the United Nations. The cease-fire agreement negotiated between the United States and the Soviet Union was legitimized by the Security Council. Supervision on the ground was provided by the United Nations. The sight of the blue berets along the banks of the Suez Canal revived faith among the believers: The United Nations was needed after all. On the political level, too, the superpowers were finally persuaded by the other members of the Security Council to accept a United Nations role. Waldheim was allowed to preside over the formal opening session of the Geneva peace conference, and Maj. Gen. Ensio Siilasvuo, the Finnish commander of the United Nations Emergency Force (UNEF), was assigned the chairmanship of the military working group.

The events of recent months have, in fact, had a profound impact on the organization. The latest phase of the Middle East conflict has revealed the extent to which détente shapes the course of events. This, in turn, has led to a reassessment of the function of the United Nations in international politics and a redefinition of the role of the secretary-general.

THE OFFICE OF secretary-general has been clouded in ambiguity since its inception. The charter offers no clear guidance, for the founding fathers of the United Nations were deeply divided over this issue and failed to resolve their differences. The Soviet Union wished to place the secretary-general firmly under the control of the Security Council by proposing that each of the Big Five in turn nominate one of their nationals to serve for two years at a time. Many of the smaller states, alarmed at the extent of the veto power the Big Five insisted on reserving for themselves, strove to give the secretary-general some degree of political independence. No real compromise was reached, but instead both concepts were written into the charter. As a result the chapter on the secretary-general turned out to be like a photograph with a double exposure. It describes him as the chief administrative officer whose task is to carry out decisions adopted by the competent organs of the organization: a manager, not a policy maker. But it also grants him the right to take political initiatives by virtue of Article 99, which empowers him to draw the attention of the Security Council to situations likely to endanger international peace and security.

The conflict over the role of the secretary-general has come to be associated with Dag Hammarskjöld. But it did not begin with him: He was supposed to put an end to it. Trygve Lie's political pretensions had annoyed the big powers; they wanted a faceless bureaucrat to admin-

UPI
Kurt Waldheim and Secretary of State Henry for a more independent secretary-general

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Kissinger—With détente, American support became obsolete and illogical.

ister the organization; Hammarskjöld seemed perfect for the part. He himself had no preconceived idea of the role of the secretary-general, and for a while he did concentrate on his administrative duties. But the affair of the American airmen captured in Communist China gave him a first taste of independent political action, and the Suez crisis propelled him into the center of the world stage. On the occasion of his election to a second term in 1957, Hammarskjöld was ready to put forward the view that it was "in keeping with the philosophy of the charter that the secretary-general should be expected to act also without . . . guidance [found in the charter or in the decisions of the main organs of the United Nations], should this appear to him necessary in order to help in filling any vacuum that may appear in the systems which the charter and traditional diplomacy provide for the safeguarding of peace and security."

This revolutionary concept went unchallenged at the time. Governments seldom engage in debate on a philosophical plane: They react to events, not ideas. Besides, Hammarskjöld's baroque prose style may have helped to obscure his meaning.

What he did mean became apparent through his actions. The cold war created a continuous vacuum at the heart of the international community, and time and again Hammarskjöld succeeded in filling it, employing for the purpose a number of new diplomatic methods and devices, such as the United Nations Emergency Force in the Suez, observers in Lebanon, or a "presence" in Laos. For a few exciting years the United Nations became an autonomous influence in international politics, an influence not based on power but representing, in Hammarskjöld's words, "the detached element in international life." He saw himself as the ombudsman of the small nations, entitled to "voice the wishes of the peoples against this or that government," and guardian of the new states emerging from colonial rule, with the mission of keeping them out of the cold war—that is, independent of the big powers.

Hammarskjöld's last years at the United Nations can now be seen as an effort to transform it from an organ of cooperation among sovereign states into an instrument of the collective responsibility of the membership: a heroic effort doomed to failure. He was well aware of the political risks. In the midst of the Suez crisis in 1956 he wrote to a friend: ". . . no one in my job can run this properly, short of a miracle, without breaking his neck politically." And during the Congo crisis in 1961: "I have had to choose between the risk that the organization would break down and die out of inertia and inability and the risk that it might break up and die because I overstretched its possibilities. . . ."

In the end the challenge to the sovereign rights of the big powers posed by Hammarskjöld's dynamic concept of his function did bring the organization to the brink of disintegration.

U THANT, on his appointment as secretary-general in 1961, was left with a mixed and contradictory inheritance. The refusal of the Soviet Union and France to pay for peacekeeping operations they regarded as illegal jeopardized not only the solvency but even the constitutional foundations of the United Nations. The first duty of the new secretary-general was to keep the organization from falling apart. But he was also heir to the ideology of a politically independent and active secretary-general: an ideology strongly entrenched in Western countries and supported, though more vaguely, by a large part of the Third World.

It is Article 99 of the charter that gives the secretary-general explicit political responsibility in his own right. But Article 99 has been specifically invoked only once, in 1960, when Hammarskjöld used it to call the Security Council into session over the Congo. Of greater practical significance for the day-to-day conduct of the secretary-general was Hammarskjöld's legacy in the field of peacekeeping operations. There he had staked out an area of independent action by keeping operational control of United Nations peacekeeping forces firmly in his own hands. In Hammarskjöld's time the secretary-general would receive from a competent organ of the United Nations a general mandate for mounting an operation. He would then negotiate the necessary agreements with the states involved, determine the composition of the United Nations force, appoint its commander, and issue political instructions for the conduct of the operation. U Thant, by and large, maintained this practice, in spite of continued opposition from the Soviet Union and France.

Originally, the great debate on peacekeeping was concerned less with the role of the secretary-general than with the relative competence of the Security Council and the General Assembly. The Soviet Union, representing a strict constructionist view of the charter, has always insisted that only the Security Council is entitled to decide on the use of United Nations armed forces.

Actually, of course, the charter makes no mention of peacekeeping operations as we today understand the term—that is, the use of police or supervision forces or observers with the consent of the states involved as a means of containing conflicts and thus facilitating a peaceful settlement of disputes. The charter speaks only of the use of armed forces to enforce peace by suppressing an act or threat of aggression. However, in practice the Soviet Union has never objected to peacekeeping in the modern sense; it has objected only to peacekeeping operations carried on outside the reach of the veto.

The United States, however, used to defend the right of the General Assembly to initiate peacekeeping operations in situations in which the council is paralyzed by the use of the veto. But this was at the time when the United States could count on an automatic majority in the assembly. As the balance of vot-

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ing power shifted, the United States became less and less interested in what was called the assembly's "residual competence," until in 1965 it abandoned its attempt to force the Soviet Union and France to pay their share of past peacekeeping operations. This was the beginning of an American-Soviet détente in the United Nations context.

But the differences over the secretary-general's role in peacekeeping persisted. The Soviet position was shaped by the experience of the Congo operation, which, in the Soviet view, showed that a force set up by the Security Council could nonetheless be used by the secretary-general in a manner inconsistent with the council's intentions. For this reason, it was argued, the council had to retain strict control of a peacekeeping force during its entire operation. The United States continued to defend the practice of operational control by the secretary-general, on grounds of efficiency and practicality.

The fact remained, however, that the practice established by Hammarskjöld and continued by U Thant was designed at every stage to exclude the Soviet Union and its allies from participation in, or even direct insight into, the conduct of peacekeeping operations. The chain of command bypassed the Soviet citizens in the United Nations Secretariat, and in the field no personnel of allies of the Soviet Union were ever used. Soviet officials, it was reasoned, could not be trusted to act impartially. Peacekeeping was strictly a Western affair. This, more than any doctrinal considerations, was at the back of Soviet suspicion that operational control in the hands of the secretary-general was in fact a subtle way of getting around the veto.

Paradoxically, the most dramatic show of independence on the part of a secretary-general has not been any action taken to circumvent the Soviet veto, but rather U Thant's decision in May 1967 to withdraw the United Nations Emergency Force from the Sinai. This time criticism of his acting on his own without referring the matter to the Security Council came from the Western side: Was not this an obvious case for invoking Article 99 in order to draw the attention of the Security Council to a "situation likely to endanger international peace and security"?

U Thant himself and his principal adviser, the late Ralph Bunche, explained time and again that they had no choice but to agree to the Egyptian request for the withdrawal of the force. The presence of the force on Egyptian territory was based on Egyptian consent; it could not stay there against the will of a sovereign state. As for referring the matter to the Security Council, that would have been an act of cowardice, simply passing the buck: It was obvious in advance that the council was hopelessly divided on the Middle East issue. "Nothing could be more divisive and useless," U Thant said, "than for the secretary-general to bring a situation publicly to the Security Council when there is no practical possibility of the council agreeing on effective or useful action."

Presumably U Thant also considered what effect invoking Article 99 might have had on his own position. The Security Council was in the midst of a debate on the situation in the Middle East. Western representatives, prompted by Israeli concern about military moves on the Arab side, urged the council to take steps to prevent war, while Soviet and Arab spokesmen dismissed such warnings as alarmist talk. Invoking Article 99 on the grounds that the Egyptian request for the withdrawal of UNEF was creating a

Waldheim: Learning the Uses of Limited Power

by Anthony Astrachan

After two years as secretary-general of the United Nations, Kurt Waldheim says, "The job is much more difficult than I thought it would be, even though I knew that it is one of the most difficult jobs in the world. . . . I have learned that the secretary-general cannot afford to have illusions." Waldheim has no illusions about the difficulty of getting member states "to accept the consequences of their membership in the United Nations or the need to orient their national policies in the ways required to make such an organization work"—a challenge he issued in his last annual report.

But the member states ultimately *did* make the United Nations work during the October war in the Middle East, and Waldheim must get some of the credit for making the task easier. His role as chairman of the opening peace talks in Geneva may be symbolic, but symbols develop importance, if not power. Moscow and Washington, which accepted him as the least objectionable candidate for secretary-general, now cultivate him to protect their options with the world.

That may be the best way to compare Waldheim with his predecessors. Trygve Lie, a successful politician back home in Norway, never learned how to win at the game of international politics. Dag Hammarskjöld alienated several great powers but captured the world's imagination with a readiness to act, which was rooted in a philosophy that became visible only after his death and the publication of his book *Markings*. U Thant saw himself as the world's moderator, acting best when he acted least, or in any event, when he acted most privately. Waldheim has confounded his critics just by keeping the United Nations functioning. When the world has allowed him to act, he has acted. He has helped keep Cyprus at peace, and he has helped keep India, Pakistan, and Bangladesh in conversation instead of confrontation. He made an innovative effort to resolve the problem of Namibia, as the United Nations calls South-West Africa; it was doomed to fail, but he failed without dishonor. He made sure that the wheels kept turning to produce important international conferences on the environment, the law of the sea, and other subjects.

The secretary-general has shown little comprehension of the way the U.N. bureaucracy has become a horror-movie Hydra, growing two new heads for every rotting old one that is hacked off. But he has put a handful of new men at the top of the organization to try to revitalize it, and he has crowned the supposedly dying concept of the international civil servant by making Brian Urquhart, the Englishman who is the real successor to Ralph Bunche as the world's champion peacekeeper and a U.N. official since 1945, an under secretary-general.

Waldheim at fifty-five is still voluble, smooth-tongued, fastidiously dressed without being fashionable, cordial without losing his cool. He is the perfect Austrian lawyer-diplomat, whom critics once compared to the perfect Viennese gentleman. Waldheim gives the impression of having more energy than he can

Anthony Astrachan has reported from the United Nations for The Washington Post *since 1971.*

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situation likely to endanger peace would have injected the secretary-general into an acute controversy between East and West. No doubt he would have been accused of partisanship; he could even have risked sharing the fate of his two predecessors—that is, losing the confidence of the Soviet Union.

To take such a risk was not in keeping with U Thant's philosophy as secretary-general. He liked to call himself "moderator," a term once used by President Roosevelt to indicate the function of the chief officer of the United Nations. "I know of no better single word to describe my own idea of the office," U Thant has said. "I have always felt that the most important political duty of the secretary-general was to concentrate on the harmonizing functions of the United Nations. . . . I have been at pains to understand, and to remain on cooperative terms with, all the governments. . . ."

Unlike Trygve Lie and Dag Hammarskjöld, U Thant did succeed in remaining on cooperative terms with all governments. But the events of May and June 1967 nevertheless had other consequences for the future role of the secretary-general. The abrupt withdrawal of UNEF could not fail to impair the credibility of United Nations peacekeeping arrangements. In Israel the tendency to go it alone gained strength; elsewhere it was recognized that future peacekeeping operations would have to be anchored in something more secure than the discretion of the secretary-general. And the credibility of Article 99 of the charter was not only impaired: It suffered a fatal blow. Having failed to invoke it on the eve of the Six-Day War, U Thant was not likely to find another occasion even more dangerous to peace.

Later he claimed that the responsibility—even in his twelve-hour-a-day schedule—and he is still the man who said, shortly after taking office, "I'm happy I am not an intellectual ball of fire. I don't think you can solve the United Nations' problems that way."

But he is more relaxed than he was two years ago, and since last October—and the United Nations' handling of the Middle East crisis—he appears to have gained confidence. For instance, he no longer seems to be reaching so hard for headlines—a practice that, in the long run, usually resulted in publicizing failures.

The new confidence comes in part from the fact that the United Nations did prove necessary for making peace in the Middle East. As a result, the organization has refurbished some of its reputation around the world—and even in the United States. The new confidence comes in part, too, from the fact that the small nations of the world shower Waldheim with signs of their appreciation. He has visited at least fifty U.N. member nations in his two years in office and has been invited to most of the thirty-five others. In Mexico City in January, 400 reporters turned out for his press conference. His daily schedule is extended by ambassadors and foreign ministers anxious to cable home that they spent a half-hour discussing the way of the world with the secretary-general.

A sign of Waldheim's confidence, and perhaps of his own realization of the limits of his powers, is the fact that he has been able to take two one-week vacations a year. (He also drives to a rented house in Ridgefield, Connecticut, whenever he can get away on a Saturday afternoon.) U Thant, whose deeds were much less visible to the outside world, never took a vacation until he had to be hospitalized for ailments aggravated by fatigue.

Waldheim's sense of the limits of his powers is also reflected in the picture he gives of the way the Middle East war was ended. He gives full credit to Moscow and Washington and superpower détente for making a U.N. contribution possible. He gives full credit to the small countries that pushed the Security Council to act —in particular, to create the United Nations Emergency Force (UNEF), while the superpowers still hesitated.

Waldheim also gives credit to a man whom Washington sees as little concerned with the United Nations, Henry Kissinger: "Kissinger is interested in using the United Nations in a productive, constructive way. I very much appreciate his close contact with me. Kissinger is doing a very constructive job there in the Middle East, but he needs the apparatus of the United Nations—to separate [Arab and Israeli] forces, for example."

Waldheim feels that the changes in the U.N. approach to peacekeeping as a result of the October war have put it "on the right track." The changes have assured basic cooperation and financial contributions from the Soviets and their allies, for example—in contrast to their refusal to pay for the Congo peacekeeping effort in the Sixties, which pushed the United Nations to the edge of bankruptcy. The changes also have compelled the West to accept a measure of regional structure in UNEF, including the participation of Poland and three African nations that had broken relations with Israel—which also helped assure world support for the peacekeeping effort.

The basic change was simple. The Soviets had long fought for complete Security Council control of peacekeeping, while the United States had insisted on real independence for the secretary-general. Kissinger told the U.N. General Assembly last September that the United States might make concessions on this point if the Soviets made some as well. In the process of getting a Middle East cease-fire, the Soviet view prevailed. However, the Soviet victory was less than total by any objective measure, and Waldheim—who would be unlikely to argue long with one of the Big Five even if he had Dag Hammarskjöld's reputed powers—does not feel it undercuts his position.

"I approached the problem in a pragmatic way," he says, "leaving aside prestige considerations. The question of a reduction in the role of the secretary-general is not of essential importance. The fruitful cooperation of the secretary-general and the Security Council is." As far as he is concerned, the cooperation since the cease-fire has indeed been fruitful: "Whatever I suggested to the council was accepted by the council."

These questions are known in the U.N. corridors as the "theology of peacekeeping." The West won a minor theological point in January when Waldheim appointed Maj. Gen. Bengt Liljestrand of Sweden as chief of staff of the U.N. Truce Supervision Organization in the Middle East (UNTSO), which is older and smaller than UNEF. The Soviets agitated for a Security Council meeting to approve the appointment, to which they had no substantive objection. The other members thought such a meeting unnecessary, and although there were consultations—and then a pro-forma letter of approval from the council president —there was no meeting. Kurt Waldheim had proved himself an adept theologian of peacekeeping. □

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"Hammarskjöld was an explorer who set out to find a new world and never reached his goal. Now his ghost has finally been exorcised."

ties of the secretary-general under Article 99 could be fulfilled in many different ways: Quiet diplomacy, he suggested, could be more effective than the specific invocation of Article 99. He used the method of quiet diplomacy in the summer of 1971 to warn the members of the Security Council in a confidential memorandum of the impending conflict between India and Pakistan. But governments are seldom moved by private advice or exhortation. The original intent of Article 99 was to give the secretary-general the possibility of confronting member states with world public opinion—the only force he could mobilize. But in this sense, Article 99 now seems to have become atrophied.

The American-Soviet dispute over the secretary-general's role in peacekeeping operations survived U Thant's term of office. The Soviet Union continued to insist that "having authorized a United Nations peacekeeping operation, the Security Council shall continue to exercise supreme control with regard to all aspects of the establishment of this operation and the direction of it throughout the entire operation." The United States, however, wished to grant the secretary-general "sufficient discretion to assure managerial effectiveness," which in practice meant that his decisions about such questions as the composition of the United Nations force and choice of commander would not be subject to the veto. On this issue, negotiations on guidelines for peacekeeping operations remained stalled when the General Assembly met for its regular session in September 1973.

The first hint of a change came in Henry Kissinger's speech before the assembly on September 24, his first public appearance as secretary of state. After referring to the "fruitless debate" on the issue, Kissinger said:

"The time has come to agree on peacekeeping guidelines so that this organization can act swiftly, confidently and effectively in future crises. To break the deadlock, the United States is prepared to consider how the Security Council can play a more central role in the conduct of peacekeeping operations."

The aftermath of the Yom Kippur war provided the first test of Kissinger's statement. On October 25 the Security Council decided to set up a United Nations Emergency Force "under its authority." The practical implications of this phrase became quickly apparent. Each step taken by the secretary-general to carry out the council's decision was submitted to the council itself for approval. The appointment of Major General Siilasvuo as force commander was explicitly endorsed, and so was the composition of the force. For the first time in history a member of the Warsaw Pact, Poland, was included among the nations whose troops take part in the United Nations operation. Detailed reports on the operations of the force have been distributed to council members on a daily basis. The authority of the Security Council is indeed supreme. This may detract from "managerial effectiveness." But it adds an indispensable element of political reliability: The new United Nations force obviously cannot be withdrawn without the decision of the Security Council.

The method used in the establishment of the United Nations force has not yet been translated into a formal agreement on principles and procedures to be followed in future cases. It is merely an ad hoc arrangement. The same is true of the decision to finance the operation through the regular budget. But the precedent now set is in effect binding for the future —unless, of course, the world is again plunged into a new cold war, which inevitably would paralyze the central organs of the United Nations.

All this means a change in the role of the secretary-general. To those who saw in Hammarskjöld's virtuoso performance a promise of an emerging international authority, it may seem like a setback. "Working at the edge of the development of human society is to work on the brink of the unknown," Hammarskjöld once said. He was an explorer who set out to find a new world and never reached his goal. Now his ghost has finally been exorcised. His successors backed away from the dangerous edge into the safer regions of established international cooperation. The present-day role of the secretary-general is less heroic, but it is more in keeping with the realities of prevailing power. The continued dispute over his functions in peacekeeping operations maintained a state of permanent tension between the secretary-general and two of the permanent members of the Security Council and lessened the usefulness of the United Nations as an instrument for peace. Now that this dispute is fading away, the services of the United Nations can be more effectively employed.

What happened at the United Nations last autumn was in fact an inevitable consequence of the improvement in the relations between the Soviet Union and the United States. American support for a more independent secretary-general goes back to the battles of the cold war. It was used as a counterweight to the Soviet veto. With the development of an American-Soviet détente, such a posture became obsolete and illogical. The Kissinger vision of a structure of world peace based on a balance between the great powers obviously does not include an autonomous role for the United Nations. But the United Nations does have some role even within the framework of the present détente. The Brezhnev-Nixon agreement of cooperation for the prevention of conflicts could not be effectively carried out without the services of an international peacekeeping agency. The need for a United Nations force in the Middle East proves the point. It follows that the two powers must agree on the methods and procedures to be followed in using those services.

The change in U.S. policy reflected in Kissinger's speech in the General Assembly can also be seen as a move toward the original concept of the United Nations. President Roosevelt spoke of the "Five Policemen" who, acting through the United Nations, were charged with the responsibility of keeping law and order in the world. But today one of the five, China, has disassociated itself from the Middle East operation: a note of uncertainty for the future. And the remaining two, Britain and France, also show uneasiness in the face of the concentration of power into the hands of the two superpowers. Significantly, it was the lesser members of the Security Council who insisted on giving the secretary-general a kind of watching brief at the Geneva peace talks. There is, after all, a deeply felt need for precisely that "detached element" in world affairs that Hammarskjöld tried, at times successfully, to inject into the international political process. And this need will surely grow. □

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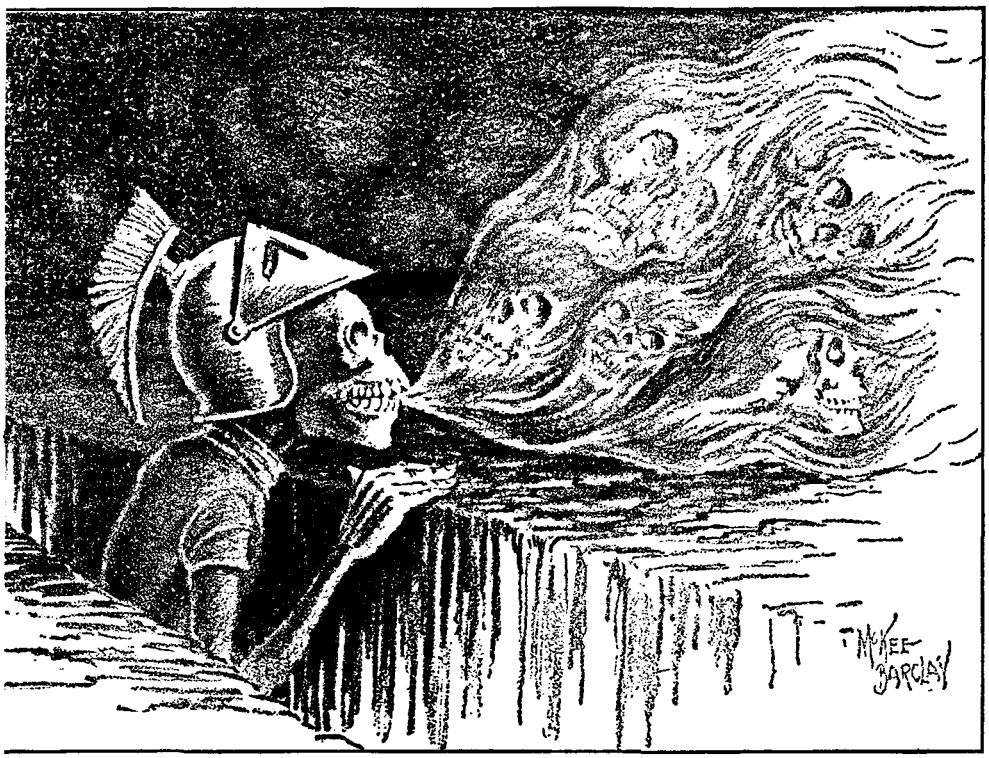

Culver Pictures: From July 1915 Baltimore Sun

THE NEW WARFARE

Grim war in shining armor
Blew far his baleful breath;
With acrid fumes of ruin
He spread the curse of death.

Nerve Gas: Return of the Nightmare

Isn't poison gas a thing of the past? Not at all: Today's military is pushing for major new nerve-gas systems.

by Richard A. Fineberg

Just when most Americans thought the gas-warfare program had been phased out, the U.S. military has come up with a "safe" instrument of death known as a binary nerve-gas weapon. Inevitably, a storm of controversy has already blown up around the weapon, and later this spring an influential House Foreign Affairs Committee subgroup will hold major hearings on the binary nerve-gas agents.

Undismayed by the growing criticism, the army is steadfastly gearing up for production of the weapon—which is known benignly as binary nerve gas because it consists of two components that are relatively harmless in themselves but are deadly when mixed together, just as the gas is launched at the enemy. Though the binary is no more deadly than its predecessors, the Pentagon is pushing the weapon because it is safer to handle and therefore less likely to arouse the public's latent nerve-gas phobia.

According to a recent army announcement, the nerve agent will be produced at the Pine Bluff (Arkansas) Arsenal. Technically, this lethal weapon is not a gas; it is a liquid dispersed in an aerosol cloud of tiny droplets. This deadly liquid may be carried by a variety of munitions, which include aircraft spray tanks, bombs, rockets, artillery shells, and land mines.

Like ordinary nerve agents, binaries work by inhibiting cholinesterase, a key body enzyme, thus causing uncontrollable muscle action: A pencil-dot of nerve gas on the skin is potent enough to reduce, in short order, an individual to a nauseated, defecating, spasmodically writhing animal. Untreated, exposure to nerve gas will cause death within minutes.

If it's no stronger than other gases, why does the Defense Department so urgently want this chemical weapon? It is ironic that the big selling point for the binary is its relative safety, not its potency. By manufacturing, shipping, and storing the agent in two separate components, military planners hope to reduce the possibility of accidents that might unleash an inadvertent cloud of death. This is an important consideration for the army: Since 1966 leaks of supertoxic nerve gas stored at Dugway Proving Grounds (Utah), Lexington-Bluegrass Army Depot (Kentucky), Rocky Mountain Arsenal (Colorado), Fort Greely (Alaska), and on the island of Okinawa have created serious threats to the environment, to military personnel, and to public health and safety. Proponents of the binary hope the weapons system will reduce these problems and will reduce public opposition to chemical weapons as well.

One binary component, a chemical that the army compares to organophosphate insecticides, will be manufactured and placed in projectiles at the Pine Bluff military plant. The other component, an alcohol reagent obtained commercially, will be shipped, stored, and handled in a separate canister that will be loaded into the munition just prior to firing.

HERE'S HOW a binary artillery shell works: When the projectile is launched, the firing force ruptures the walls separating the two canisters that hold the components. As the warhead spins on its way to the target, internal fins mix the components together to form a nerve agent. When the shell hits the target, some ten seconds after firing, a small explosive charge in the nose disseminates the nerve-gas cloud. Separated, neither component of the binary is extraordinarily dangerous by modern industrial standards; combined, they form a lethal neurotoxin similar to currently stockpiled agents.

For this innovation in chemical warfare, the army plans to spend an initial $400 million. About half this amount will go toward destruction of about 20,000 tons of nerve gas that the United States has stockpiled around the world, from Johnston Island in the Pacific all the way to West Germany. The rest will be spent on replacing the old gas with

Richard A. Fineberg has been reporting on chemical and biological warfare since 1970.

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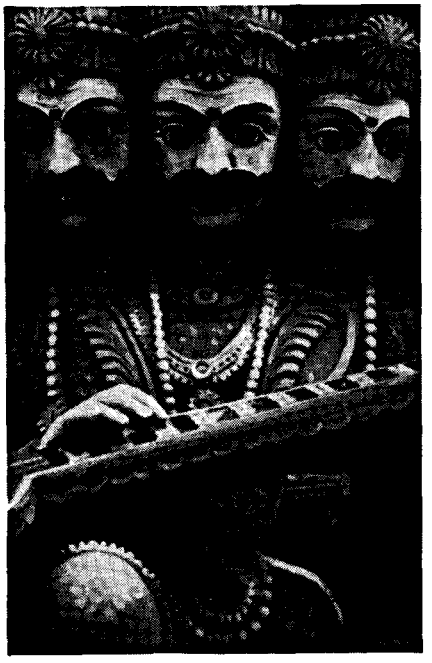

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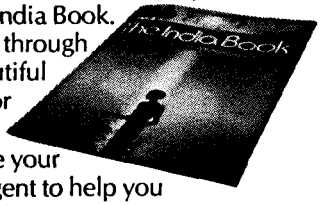

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binaries. And this is only the first installment. The army's production-cost estimate, reluctantly divulged, covers only the first two binary weapons to reach advanced development—the 8-inch and 155-millimeter tactical artillery shells. Other binary weapons are slated to follow these early ones.

Cost and safety are important considerations, but they obscure much more significant long-term questions about the strategic and international implications of the binary weapons system. The Defense Department says the lethal chemical stockpile is needed as a deterrent-in-kind against a potential Soviet nerve-gas attack. But critics of the binary question this premise.

THE MILITARY'S CASE for a nerve-gas deterrent was summed up before a subcommittee of the House Armed Services Committee last October by Robert C. Hill, assistant secretary of defense for international security affairs. Hill trotted out the well-worn argument that "since World War I, highly toxic chemicals have been used only against nations that did not possess a capability to retaliate in kind and adequate defensive equipment and training." This argument does not stand up under close scrutiny. For one thing, highly toxic gases *were* used by both sides during World War I. Lethal chemicals have been used in two conflicts since World War I (Italy used mustard gas against Ethiopia in 1936, and Egypt reportedly used lethal chemicals during the early 1960s in the Yemeni civil war). But these two instances hardly constitute conclusive proof of the Defense Department's thesis. Moreover, this argument overlooks the fact that chemicals were not used in countless other conflicts, regardless of unequal preparations. One of the most important reasons for non-use of chemical weapons appears to be the nightmare memory of World War I. In that conflict the agony of an extended trench war was compounded by vaporous clouds of blister and choking agents that left men gasping, strangling, and clawing for life, blistered cruelly under the armpits, on the back of the neck, or in the groin, or, in some instances, blinded. Chemicals were not used during World War II and are regarded with a special opprobrium that is surpassed only by the horror of germ and nuclear weapons.

In a recent interview with *The New York Times*, Dr. Fred C. Ikle, the director of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, went on the record with his belief that the threat of a nuclear response should in itself be enough to persuade the Soviet Union not to launch a nerve-gas attack. Dr. Ikle, whose unit provides technical backup for all arms negotiations, also says U.S. introduction of binaries may further complicate the bogged-down chemical-warfare negotiations at the U.N. Conference of the Committee on Disarmament. The conference has been working on a chemical-warfare ban since 1972.

Veteran arms specialist Herbert Scoville, Jr., doesn't buy the Defense Department's deterrence-in-kind premise, either. Scoville, a former high-ranking official in both the Defense Department and the CIA, as well as the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, states flatly, "There is no requirement that every possible Soviet action or weapon needs to be deterred by a response in kind." Underscoring the fallacy of the deterrence-in-kind premise, Scoville notes that in most scenarios, the main purpose of the U.S. nuclear panoply in Europe is to deter a large-scale *conventional* attack by Soviet forces.

Advocates of the nerve-gas deterrent frequently maintain that chemicals reduce the likelihood of an all-out thermonuclear war by providing a non-nuclear alternative to conventional warfare. But arms-control experts such as Scoville suggest that the opposite may be the case. It is a tremendous jump, he observes, from conventional to nuclear war. By interjecting chemical weapons, Scoville says, "you are putting an intermediate step in the escalation of warfare to weapons of mass destruction." Thus, chemicals may serve as a stepping-stone, rather than as an alternative, to thermonuclear weapons.

SOME OBSERVERS FEAR that the thrust of recent U.S. efforts in chemical-warfare technology is to make the stuff easier to use, thereby increasing the possibility that these weapons may be used in future combat. Moreover, the advent of binary technology, which will reduce the expense and the hazards of standard nerve-gas weapons, may tempt smaller nations to acquire binary nerve gas as a "poor man's nuke." Apart from economic and safety factors, there's always the tendency for smaller nations to follow the lead of major powers in weapons development. Thus, rather than deterring the use of lethal chemicals in future wars,

(Continued on page 39.)

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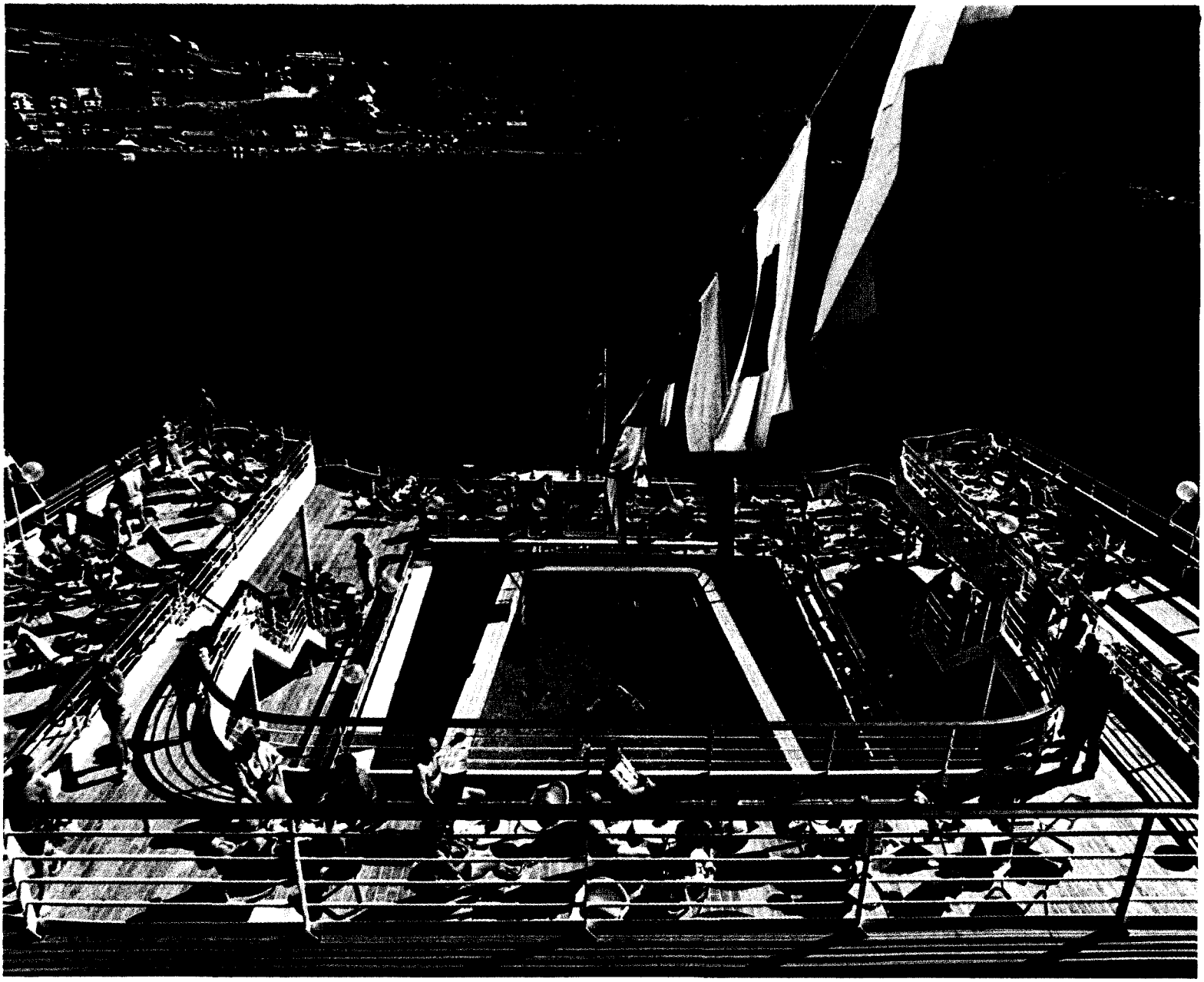

ROYAL VIKING LINE AROUND THE WORLD CRUISE

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The New Sociable Traveler

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To London in Maytime
To Venice in playtime,
To Paris in time for a frock;
To Boston in Beantime,
Darling, meantime,
*Let's take a walk around the block.**

That bit of ironic verse, penned by Ira Gershwin and E. Y. Harburg forty years ago, might well express the condition of any traveler facing the summer of 1974. The uncertainty of gasoline within the continental United States and in Europe will surely curtail long, leisurely road tours lest they be taken in drive-yourself rented cars whose purveyors guarantee the petrol.

On the other hand, these spare times have revived the railroads, until recently a moribund system of transport in the United States no more comfortable nor more certain of arrival than a stagecoach traversing Indian country in 1850. The interest of touring Americans is also turning toward the fine network of trains that traverses Europe. There is a new interest, too, in getting from here to there by bus, once considered a mode of transport normally employed by privates first class, shouldering olive-drab duffel bags en route to a furlough in Shelby, Mississippi.

At the writing there has been a consolidation of flights, but surprisingly little difficulty has been experienced by this frequent roamer in flights across the country, up and down the north-south corridor from the northeast to Florida, and deep into the West Indies. In recent travels only one flight on a small feeder airline was canceled, and, surprisingly, one 707 on a four-hour run left JFK with scarcely more than a dozen occupied seats.

But the increased cost of travel, the anticipated further consolidation of flights, and the uncertainty of fuel supplies available this summer indicate a turn toward sociability —travel in groups, in the fraternal atmosphere of buses, and in the open atmosphere of trains.

On the pages that follow, Rogers E. M. Whitaker has etched a memoir of train travel of yesteryear that would melt the heart of a railroad president. David Butwin presents the actualities of train travel in Europe and in America, Patricia Brooks boards a bus to report on the renaissance on the roads, and Ila Stanger leads the way with a kindly light through the dark, serpentine corridors of group travel. Even though the dollar is going up abroad, it isn't buying very much no matter where you are. With that in mind, Dena Kaye has collected a gaggle of suggestions on where one might go this summer without declaring chapter 10 bankruptcy or taking out a mortgage on the children.

H.S.

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Union Pacific R.R.

Dinner on the Union Pacific—". . . ripe figs aboard the Sunset Limited . . . double lamb chops on the El Dorado. . . ."

Nirvana on Wheels

A train trip cross-country with father was all oyster pie, Veuve Clicquot, green drawing rooms, and fresh dates with cream. Where, oh where, has it all gone?

by Rogers E. M. Whitaker

In the morning, my father said, "Come along now to breakfast, and be sure that you eat a good one." The blueberries —small, irregular ones that had never seen the insides of a hothouse—bobbed ever so slightly in a pale-saffron liquid that was indisputably cream; the long, kippered herrings were flanked by hillocks of eggs that had been scrambled into a melting fluffiness and by mildly broiled halves of ripe tomato; the uncrumbly corn muffins were flanked by red-currant jelly and strawberry preserve; the mug of hot chocolate bore a thin mask of cream and cinnamon. A warm beginning indeed for a New England day that was already disappearing into a shroud of falling snow—the sort of weather from which I was being extracted until I should be well enough to return to school. A long nap in a green-upholstered armchair that delighted me because the spindle to which it was affixed allowed it to turn a complete circle when I wished it to. And then the train was rolling along the bottom of a wide ravine, dusty red-brick buildings high above us, and into a vast scaffolding of unpainted wood—the Grand Central Terminal that was rising on the site of an earlier Grand Central. Our trunks and such had gone on well ahead, and so we could trundle crosstown, downtown by streetcar.

It was my first real sight of my native United States, and through the windows of our conveyance, I could make notes of an enormous New York to set against the memory of a more familiar London. At our appointed ferryhouse, we took ship, in a manner of speaking, for the Jersey shore, and as I stood on the top deck of our vessel, sipping something warm and sweet, the range of Manhattan

An editor at The New Yorker, *Rogers E. M. Whitaker has covered jazz, nightclubs, and football. He has ridden 2,327,000 miles by train. His book on train trips he has taken will be published in the fall.*

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mountains, of which the Singer Building was the Matterhorn, diminished into the sunset. Our night's lodging was at one end of a car in sober dark green—a stately little mansion, one room wide, with a fringe of couch in black leather around three sides and one inner door opening on a lavatory. Somber in all, and rather like a doctor's waiting room, but nevertheless with an air of grace. I began playing with the bank of light switches, arranging my own aerial display of fireworks in the ceiling, but a look from my father halted me.

"I want you to remember everything I do and say. Soon enough you will be traveling by yourself, and you must learn to be a little man of the world, who can deal with railway porters, conductors, waiters, with hotel receptionists and streetcar men and cabbies. Here,"—and he thrust at me a great packet of pamphlets—"are timetables. I shall not be staying with you for more than a week after we reach our destination, but you are to stay until you are well enough to come home, and you are to plan your journey back to me and your mother by yourself, and to make all the arrangements. You are to study these carefully; any mistakes you make will be yours to rectify." A gong, or a set of chimes (I forget which now), sounded in the corridor outside.

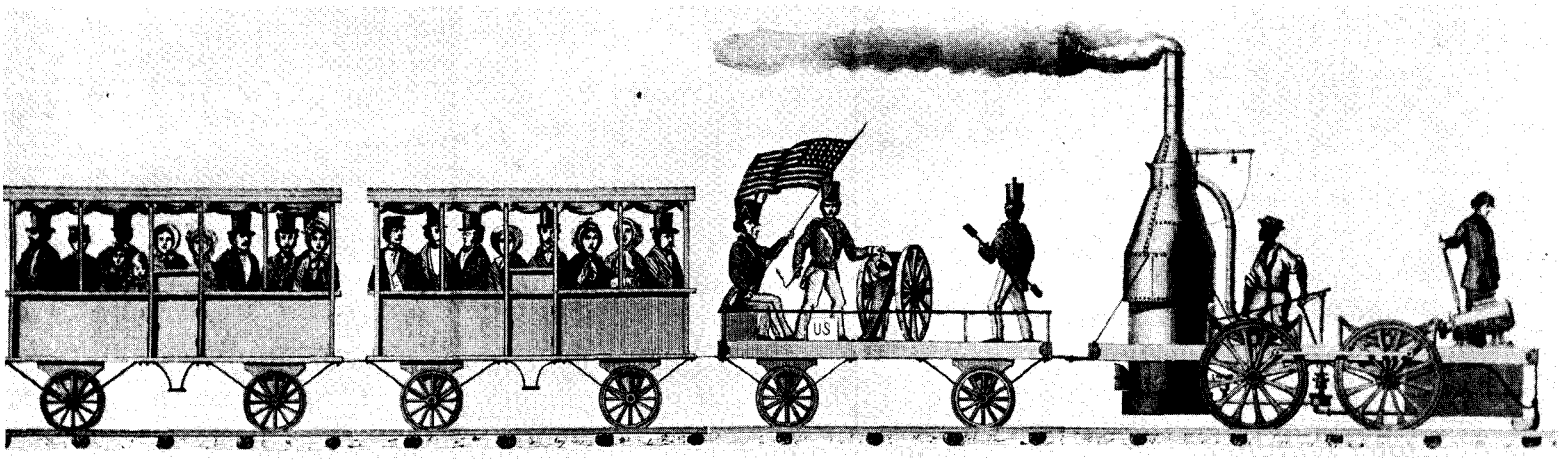
"And now, sir," said my father, "to dinner. These," he said as we moved toward the dining car, "are mileage books for you. There are a thousand coupons in each book, every one good for one mile on a train and good for sleeping berths and for meals aboard train." There were four books—4000 miles or (at three cents a coupon) $120 for dining, and I was to decide how much of each I could afford on the way home. "You are to order dinner for yourself and for me," he said when we sat down in the dining car. "Study the menu the steward gives you and write down your wishes on this tablet." I knew what father liked for a midweek dinner and, my hands trembling but slightly, found it on the menu. For myself, I boldly opted for oyster pie. It arrived, a small volcano, emitting steam through crevices in a crust upon which a minor Shetland pony could have safely trod, but of blissful tenderness when it had cooled out sufficiently for me to attack it and explore for the nearly—or so it seemed—four-and-twenty oysters afloat in a creamy sea below. And so to bed.

In the morning we were joined at breakfast by my grandfather, who had come aboard during the night, and there was a nearly apocalyptic scene when he, who deemed himself an implacable teetotaler, learned from the steward that the locker of the dining car could not offer up his favorite half-bottle of hock from the Grootfontein winery in the Union of South Africa, having instead to settle for an Alsatian hock, of which he thought so little that he ordered only one more half to be sent to his room. In a blustery and frostbitten Chicago, three hours later, I was put to bed in a hotel next to the station, against the afternoon departure of still another train in still another drawing room. (I had discovered, through my studying of my timetables, that "drawing room" was the official name for my compartment of the night before.)

Dinner that night was a ceremonial. I had chosen for both of us what the menu said was planked Lake Superior whitefish, and verily it was what it said it was. "It is satisfactory, sir?" said the steward to me, and I knew that already I was becoming a little man of the world. "Ask him for the wine card," my father said, and when it was produced I was no end pleased that we had left behind my grandfather in Chicago, for although there were three hocks—a Laubenheimer, a Niersteiner, and a Rudesheimer—there were no Grootfonteins. My father began a conversation with the steward in German. (The stewards on this train, I was later informed, were rather expected to have been at least waiters at the four best tables at the Dolder in Zurich before the railway could consider putting them in command of a dining car.)

While they talked, I set down in my notebook the further contents of the cellar—a sparkling Pommard, a relaxed Pommard, and a Chambertin for the Burgundies; a St. Julien, a Pontet Canet, and a Château Larose for the clarets; a Sauterne and a Château La Tour for the whites; a Veuve Clicquot, a Mumm's Extra Dry, a Pommery et Greno, and a Moët & Chandon for the champagnes—and as I finished, the steward was dropping a bit of Mumm's into my glass. (My father, given to disappearing for a year at a time into France, held that only American fools let their sons reach the age of consent before the first taste of wine.) So it went—three nights in all, and the days given over, between meals, to exploring the library—locked behind glass screens, but the porter had a key—in the foremost car while my father, newspapers in hand, tended his pipefuls of Arcadia, a tobacco whose scent was nearly as intoxicating as the evening's Mumm's. And then Pasadena, and the great white verandas of the Hotel Huntington, where, in a splendid silence fractured only by the footfalls of always-on-hand servants, I wintered in the Pacific sunshine, and walked, and talked, and slept.

I made my way back to Boston when it was time, though not in a drawing room (I had quickly realized that my four mileage books would ac-



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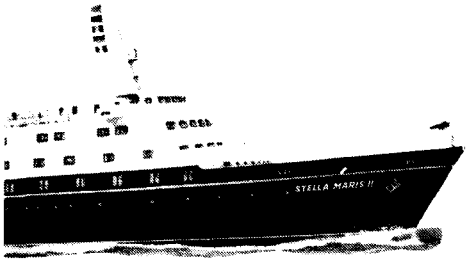

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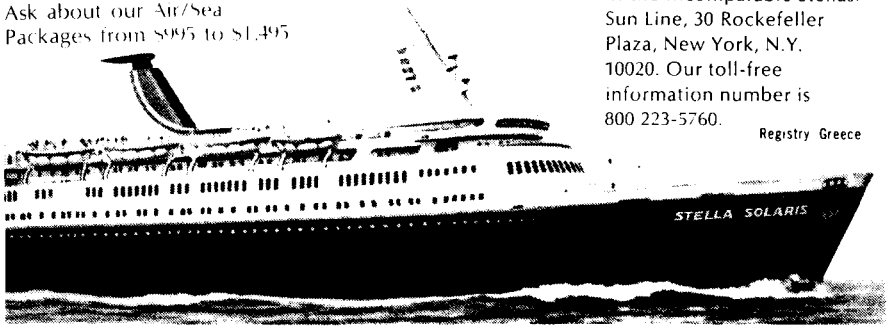

complish no more than a Pullman lower berth and that dining would be—even if a steward had consented to serve one of my years—without Mumm's). My one error was not a disaster—a day train from Kansas City to Chicago, about which I had failed to note that it did not carry a dining car. And so, during my respite from school, I had learned two things—how to travel by myself and how to be thrifty. And I tried to live up to my father's first precept—"Remember, a gentleman never travels in anything but a Pullman car." I was, in a word, hooked. I discovered the pleasures of Cotuit oysters on the shell in the completely Pullman Merchants Limited, between Boston and New York; the pleasures of Malepeque oysters in the Frontenac, the day train between Montreal and Quebec; the pleasures of Arcadia in the observation parlor cars of both these trains. I discovered lobster soufflé in the completely Pullman Twentieth Century Limited, between New York and Chicago, and asparagus baked with Parmesan cheese in the completely Pullman Broadway Limited, between the same two cities. I breakfasted on double lamb chops and fresh dates with cream in the little parlor cum dining car cum observation car of the El Dorado, between San Francisco and Sacramento, and supped on veal and Parma ham and zucchini and an excellent Napa Valley wine before I slept in my double-deck Pullman aboard the California Zephyr, between Chicago and Oakland. I lunched on an enormous Caesar salad and ripe figs aboard the Sunset Limited, on my way from New Orleans to Los Angeles, and went to bed in a home-made sleeping car of the Soo Line, en route from Chicago to Duluth, after a three-dollar steak that could not now be surpassed by a ten-dollar item in New York. I went to the races in the Saratoga Special—eight parlor cars and two dining cars, these in the hands of a chef who had just discovered chicken tetrazzini and had made the absolute best of his discovery. I journeyed down to Boston for the football match between Harvard and Princeton in a private train that mustered a dozen parlor cars, and to matches between Dartmouth and Princeton, at Princeton, in a parlor-car fleet nearly as grand. I rode up to Rhode Island for the opening of the races at Narragansett Park in a special train, with a parlor car and a diner set aside for our continuous party, and from Toronto to Fort Erie,

(*Continued on page 25.*)

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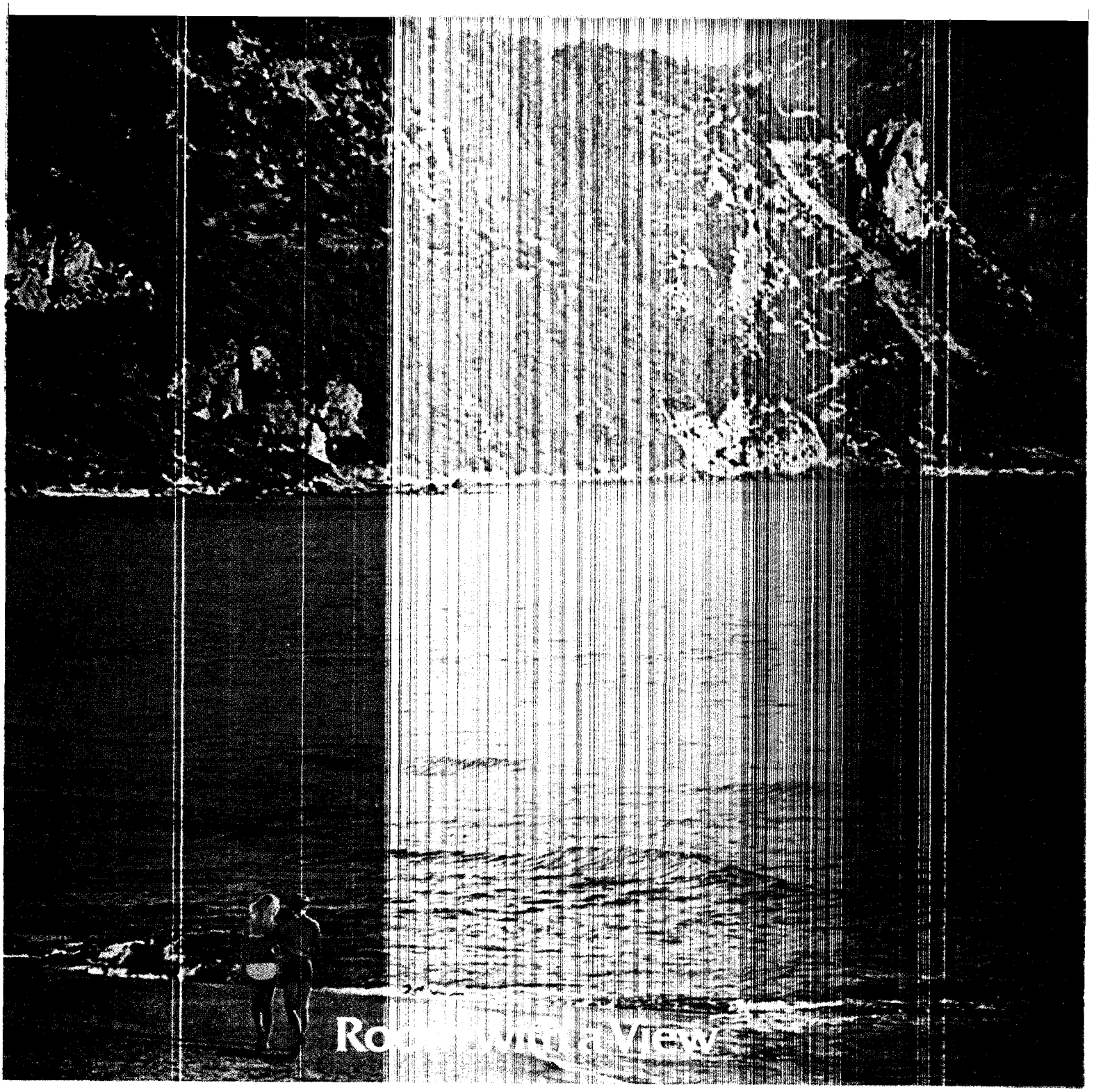

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Trains in Europe

It finally dawned on me the other day, as I stepped from a Paris-Amsterdam express train, that romance and high intrigue will never ride with me on European rails. George Sanders and Sean Connery have run into more action on the way to the WC than I do on a *wagon-lit* from Stockholm to Rome.

What I found on nearly all my rail trips from Stockholm to Cardiff, however, was comfort and convenience, some good food, and—most important in this season of shortage—bedrock economy. A wallet-size plastic black-red-and-green card called a Eurailpass is the key to fast, sure, and inexpensive European travel. The card guarantees a ride on any train on the Continent, including the crack Trans-European Expresses (TEEs), without a surcharge (though an overnight sleeper berth means a bit more).

Even though Eurailpass rates have been increased 10 percent for 1974, the system remains one of the best travel bargains abroad. A three-week pass costs $150; a month's pass is $190; two months, $260. Children from four to twelve go half-price, and full-time students under twenty-six get two months of unlimited second-class travel for $165. The pass must be purchased before going over, either from a travel agent, a government tourist office, or U.S. Eurailpass, Box 90, Bohemia, New York 11716.

Britain and Ireland are not covered by Eurailpass, but they have their own magic cards. First-class BritRail Passes will provide one, two, three, or four weeks of travel for $60, $75, $90, and

(Continued on page 38.)

French National Railroad

Bar and boutique on the Mistral—"In Europe I prefer the train," the Frenchman said.

Trains in America

Amtrak, the quasi-public corporation that took over operation of most American passenger trains three years ago in May, heads the rail revival that has been heightened by gasoline shortages. Service will soon be restored on the Inter-American from St. Louis down to the border at Laredo, connecting with a Mexican train for the trip to Mexico City. This will put trains back in Arkansas for the first time in several years. Also about to arrive is a daily train through the San Joaquin Valley between Oakland and Bakersfield, stopping at Merced, the gateway to Yosemite.

A 20 percent summer fare raise for the popular long-haul western trains, however, will make rail travel more expensive than airplane flights in some areas. After Labor Day these fares will drop to a 10 percent increase over present rates. Before the summer hike, for example, the Super Chief, America's best long-distance train, will charge sixteen dollars more for a roomette between Chicago and Los Angeles—$148—than for a plane ticket over the same distance.

Dining car on Amtrak's Coast Starlight—Seats available during the summer rush?

Amtrak's family plan requires a full fare for husbands, two-thirds for wives, two-thirds for children twelve to twenty-one, and one-third for those five through eleven.

If the clamp remains on motorists, the long scenic rail trip will look even better than usual. The Chicago-Seattle Empire Builder glides right through Glacier National Park, stopping on either end. Southward the Chicago-Seattle North Coast Hiawatha (which returns in May to daily service from three-a-week) skirts Yellowstone National Park. The Chicago-Oakland Zephyr traces a dazzling route through the High Sierras, and the Coast Starlight hugs the rocky Pacific for its run between San Diego and Seattle.

The nation's sudden shift toward the rejuvenated railroads has spurred Amtrak's growth enormously, far in advance of its scheduled face-lifting. But the last six months haven't exactly been a gravy train for Amtrak. Two of its trains were stalled in the West during the winter, and in the first days of February a mishap in the East stalled for seven hours an Amtrak train carrying 400 passengers. To make matters worse, the train lost its power, and therefore its heat, and the passengers were stranded over a trestle within sight of Manhattan's lights.

Four Winds Travel, largest operator of rail tours in America, is offering ten different packaged itineraries, ranging from sixteen to twenty-four days in the United States, eastern and western Canada, and Mexico. "Bonanza Americana," a sixteen-day trip (from $1295), travels through Grand Canyon and Yosemite National Parks, Las Vegas, and California on one of three western tours. Other trips travel the Canadian Rockies and cruise through eastern Canada. All are accompanied by a tour guide. The rail cruises spend some nights at luxury hotels, among them the Royal Orleans, Ahwahnee Lodge, and MGM Grand.

Two companies that continue to run trains without Amtrak's assistance are the Southern and the Denver & Rio Grande Western. Southern has maintained an old-fashioned rosebud-at-every-table service from Washington to New Orleans. The D&RGW pursues a spectacular course over the Rockies between Salt Lake City and Denver.

In the East the Metroliner still operates the best short-distance ride in the American timetable, connecting Washington and New York. And the Montrealer, though tediously slow at times, weaves through the prime mountain region of Vermont on the nearly eighteen-hour trip between Washington and Montreal. If you're going south and want the car along, the Auto-Train Corporation (non-Amtrak) will pack it aboard outside Washington, D.C., and roll it off at Sanford, Florida.

Amtrak has standardized its food and beverage operation all across the network but still offers specialties of the region—country ham and grits for breakfast on the Florida trains, Rocky Mountain trout on the Zephyr, fresh salmon on the Coast Starlight out of Seattle. Whether there will be seats available in the summer rush is another question.

D.B.

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(*Continued from page 22.*)

near Buffalo, for the opening of a racetrack in a train that, with its parlor-bar cars and its jolly stewards, made the journey—which involved tooling us down railway lines that had never seen a passenger train before—comfortable no matter how long. I joined a party in Philadelphia that once a week, while the races were on at Belmont Park, came over Saturday morning with a brace of parlor cars, and a diner (equipped with hock), and waited for us to come out of the clubhouse on our way home.

Did it all—or nearly all—have to end the way it did? Will there again be a time when the working day can wind up like this?—It is 5:15. I pick up my briefcase and bag; indifferent to the unoccupied taxicabs, I do my ten-minute walk to Grand Central. The gates are open, and I walk down a long, red carpet to my car in the Twentieth Century Limited. It is 5:25 as I walk back to the observation car and pick up the telephone (I have tried to leave a spot of unfinished business so that I have an excuse to use the train-to-shore phone). The train departs at six, and a minute later the train secretary is asking for my name and the number of my room—"in case there are messages for you en route."

I move forward through the dining car, or dining cars (the rule was that if there were more than one hundred and eight passengers aboard, there must be an extra dining car, and I cannot explain the mystique of the number one hundred and eight), into the amidships lounge car, walk into the barbershop for a trim, and tell the man in charge that my pair of extra trousers will need pressing. In the dining car, my lobster soufflé and a bottle, then after-dinner mints and an apple to be gnawed at if hunger strikes again at midnight—compliments of the house. In my bedroom my extra trousers have already been pressed and hung in the closet. In the morning my shoes reappear, glistening polished, and there is a Chicago paper on the threshold; in the dining car there is a boutonniere for the lapel and strawberries and blueberry pancakes and hot chocolate. Outside sleet is doing its mightiest to get at me, but it cannot get at either me or the Twentieth Century Limited. It is 8:45, and I must walk back to my bedroom. Sleet or no, we are expected in Chicago at nine, and we are there at nine. Come back, Twentieth Century Limited! Your long and unexplained absence is forgiven! □

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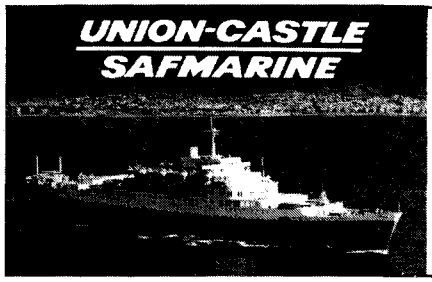

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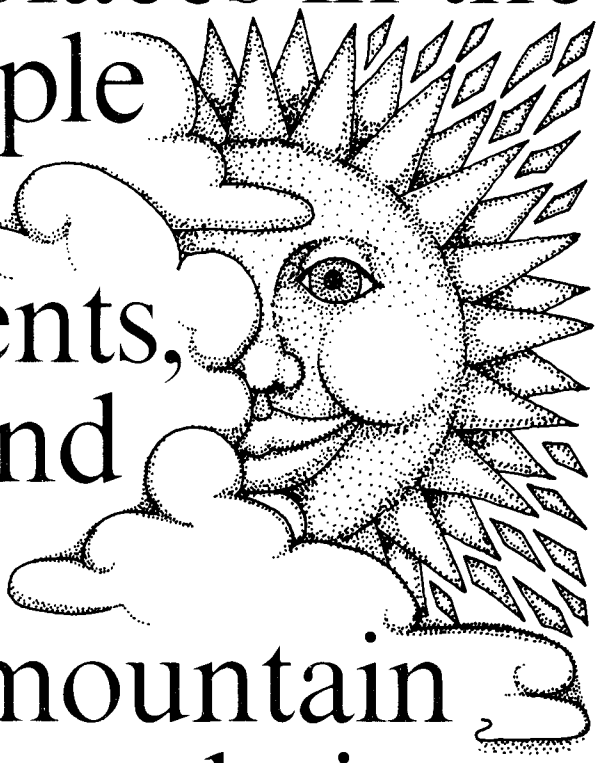

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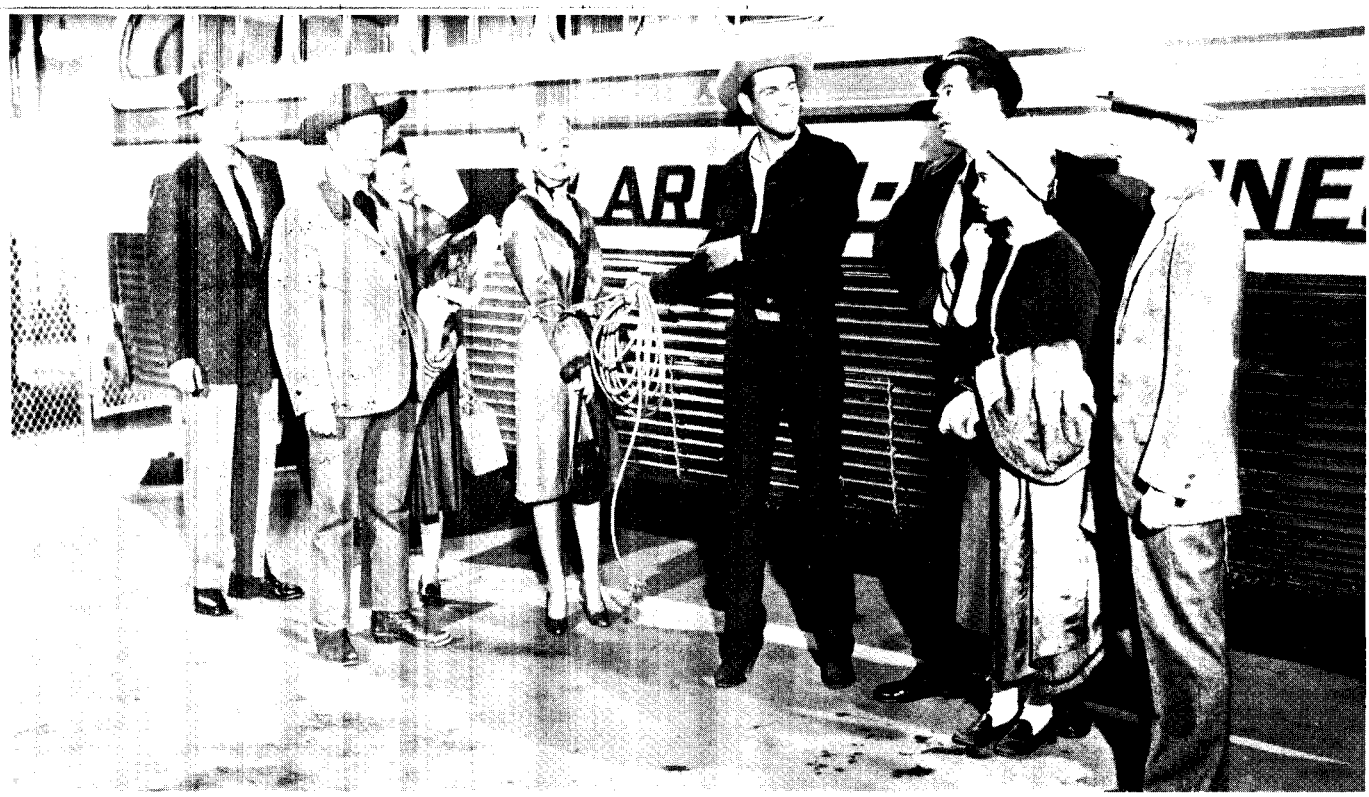

Culver Pictures

Marilyn Monroe and friends in Bus Stop—*"They've come a long way since the dark days of that other gas shortage."*

Leave the Driving to Them

Not since Marilyn Monroe stopped the bus has there been such a turn toward the coach, a revived form of travel that beats the gas impasse.

by Patricia Brooks

Buses are hardly new, but they've come a long way since the days when I last rode one, back in the dark ages of that other gas shortage, during World War II. My mother and I would board a Greyhound in Minneapolis, along with all our summer baggage, and travel the four hours (and 112 miles) north to Brainard, where we had a summer home on a nearby lake. I can still recall the tedious, bumpy ride, the uncomfortable seats, the narrow two-lane highway, and one lunch or rest stop at a tacky diner in St. Cloud, near the state reformatory. During this one brief interlude, passengers would scramble to the limited bathroom facilities and the less than adequate lunch counter. My most vivid memories focus on the lack of facilities, the schoolgirl agony-by-kidney of a seemingly endless ride. It is not my favorite childhood memory.

Since then I have ridden rickety open-sided buses in the wild mountains of Luzon in the Philippines, equally ramshackle closed buses throbbing with human, animal, and bird life in Morocco and Lebanon, and luxury tour buses in Finland. With one exception I have not been on a long-distance bus in the United States since the Forties. The exception was a chartered bus that took dozens of anti-war protesters to Washington, D.C., last year, but that stripped-down, minimal-comfort excursion was not organized with cherry-blossom time in mind.

I NOW TAKE IT all back—all those associations of buses with deprivation, kidney crises, and "Bus Stop" down-on-their-luck-lonesome-cowboy types. The reason for my new awareness of the potentials of bus travel is a recent consciousness-raising outing on one of Continental Trailways' Five-Star Golden Eagles. I boarded the New York–Los Angeles luxury coach with a certain amount of trepidation, Minnesota memories still lingering. I wasn't going the full distance but thought even a partial trip would demonstrate what cross-country bus travel today is all about.

The Golden Eagle is one of the line's six daily coaches from New York to Los Angeles. The other five are Silver Eagles, identical in body (except for the paint job) to their golden cousin but with different interior designs. Both silver and gold coaches have comfortable foam-cushioned reclining seats; footrests; rest rooms with washbasins, mirrors, and electrical outlets; wide windows; blankets and pillows for passenger rest. There are fourteen fewer seats, a total of thirty-two, thus more legroom, on the Golden Eagle, two lounges for card games or letter writing, a galley and a red-and-golden uniformed hostess to run it, ready to offer coffee, tea, or snacks at the wave of a hand.

Only four of us were on the first leg of this cross-country ride, and we took off at 11:15 A.M. to the minute, as scheduled. Our hostess, or "Golden Eaglet" as one of the four quickly nicknamed her, was a pretty and animated young woman, who, as soon as the motor purred, introduced herself on the loudspeaker: "I'm Elaine, your hostess till we reach Pittsburgh, and your driver is John. As soon as we get beyond the city limits, I will be serving you your choice of coffee, tea, cocoa, or soft drinks."

Elaine was a genuinely cheerful girl, addicted to gentle banter, a far cry from

Patricia Brooks took her first bus ride at eight, has since traveled by bus around the world. A free-lance contributor to many magazines, she is co-author of How to Buy Property Abroad, *coming this spring.*

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the many Miss Plastics performing similarly on jetliners. By 12:15 she had served us beverages, doughnuts, and a choice of juice. The other passengers settled back to nap while Elaine told me some of her experiences on buses. "If you don't like people, this isn't the job for you. Bus passengers tend to be friendlier types than those who fly."

Perhaps because there is no first or economy class, bus travel is happily egalitarian. A long no-stopover trip seems to evoke a pioneer "we're-all-in-this - together - so - we - might - as - well-enjoy-it" spirit. Elaine, a hostess since last June, could recall only two incidents when passengers were troublesome. "Two sisters quarreled with each other from one end of the country to the other. Eventually the other passengers began to laugh at them, and somewhere in New Mexico they quieted down. Maybe they were awed by the scenery. Most travelers are."

Elaine's other incident involved a short young man and a tall bottle of bourbon. Liquor, even beer, is prohibited on buses, which probably helps minimize passenger friction in close quarters. The young man kept asking for half a glass of ginger ale; then he would disappear into the rest room. A few minutes later he'd emerge to request another half-glass of soda. After nipping in and out of the rest room ten or more times, he became obstreperous ("He was really just lonely, but he became a pest to everyone," said Elaine). At the next stop the driver evicted him. A few hours in Hazlegreen Junction probably sobered him up fast enough for the next bus.

THAT'S A REFRESHING ASPECT of bus travel. Along major arteries there's usually another bus coming right along within a relatively short time. My Golden Eagle route was just one of the many that crisscross the United States. The cost round trip to Los Angeles is $149, with an extra $13.10 for the Golden Eagle service—all the snacks you can eat. Not bad for a three-day ride, considering that you can eat continuously if spirit, boredom, or hunger moves you. The bus stops only to change drivers and hostesses along the way—just like the Pony Express. Passengers stay with the bus the entire trip, a total now—at the slower fifty-five miles per hour—of sixty-four hours, four hours longer than in pre-energy crisis days.

For a more leisurely ride, with stopovers, one can dismount in St. Louis or elsewhere, dawdle a few days, then pick up the next Eagle for points west. January through March is the slow season; otherwise reservations are a wise idea.

My journey in Elaine's care was a regularly scheduled trip, but there are, in addition, hundreds of special escorted tours designed to appeal to every imaginable type of traveler. If a place is reachable by land—and sometimes even if it's not—it's on a bus route. (Tangier Island, smack in the middle of Chesapeake Bay, has been overlooked by time but not by Continental Trailways, which has organized one-day tours by coach and boat to this intriguing island, peopled by a number of descendants of the original English colonists who settled there centuries ago. No cars are allowed on the island; it takes all of half an hour to tour afoot. The rest of the visit is spent savoring a leisurely lunch of fresh-caught soft shell crabs or bay fish.)

The options seem endless, from one-day "Shoppers' Specials" or "Cherry Blossom Parade" mini-tours at $16, to thirty-one-day maxi-vacations to Alaska at $1000. For example, a twenty-three-day "Mexican Holiday" escorted tour from New York to Mexico, with stops in Guanajuato, Acapulco, Mexico City, Monterrey, San Antonio, Natchez, and Knoxville, costs as little as $800, or an average of $34 per day for transportation, accommodations, most meals, tips,

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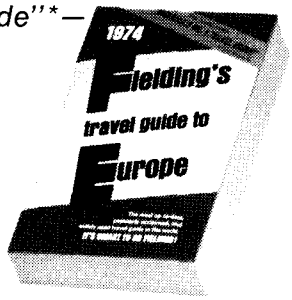

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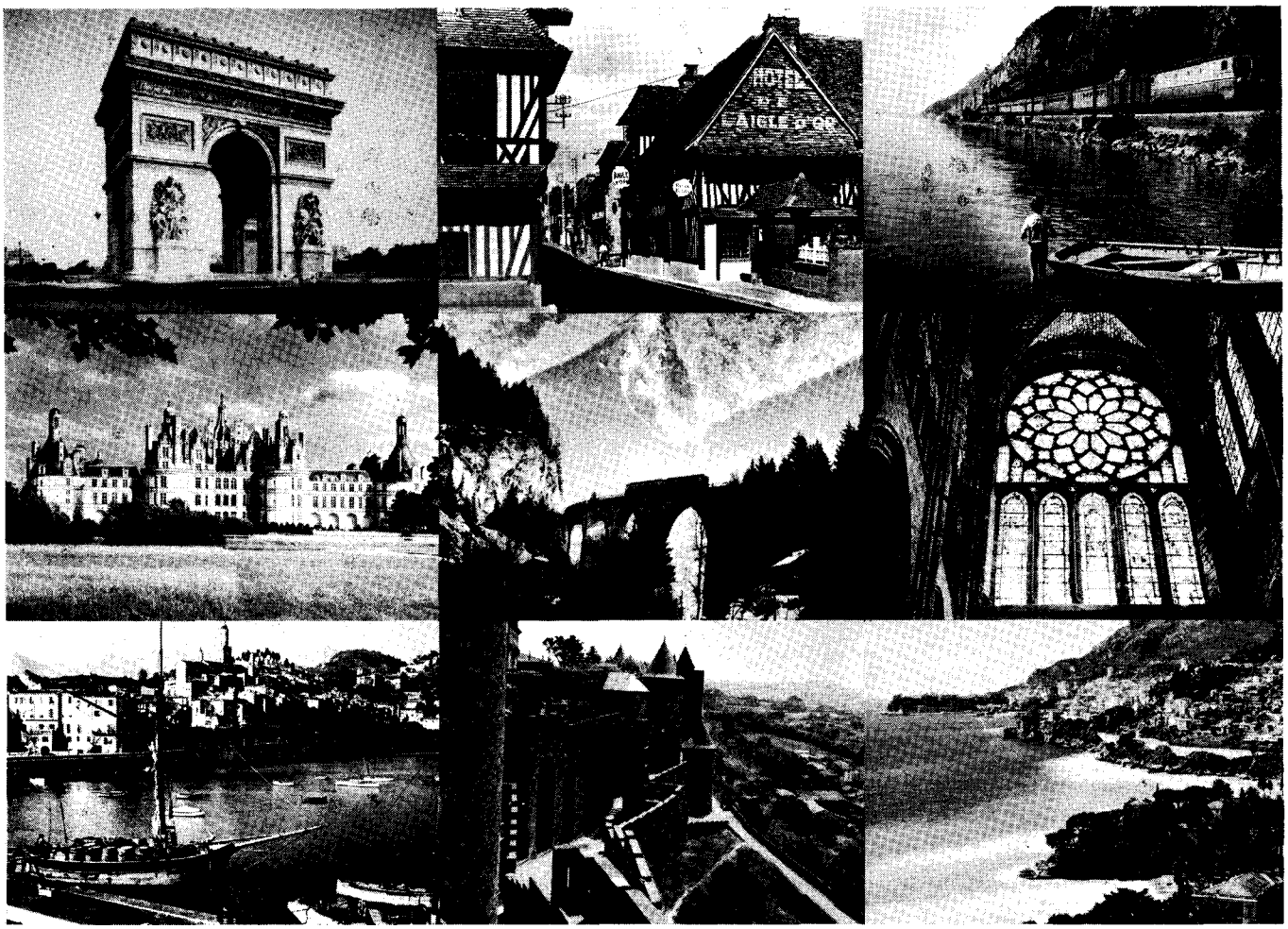

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and admissions. Considering the runaway inflation in Europe, this represents reasonable travel in any language.

For $206, or $25 or so per day, there's the eight-day "Charleston's Gardens and Historyland Tour" from New York or Washington, D.C., to Charleston, with stops in Virginia at Colonial Williamsburg and Petersburg and in North Carolina at Tryon. A more extended southern trip—"Spring Fiesta in the South"—takes thirteen days to wend its way from New York to Atlanta, Mobile, Biloxi, New Orleans, the Bayou country, Baton Rouge, Birmingham, Lookout Mountain, Tennessee, Charlottesville, and then home. It's a real bargain at $354, or $27 per day complete.

In addition to all the escorted tours offered by the two giants of the bus industry, Continental Trailways and Greyhound, one can make all kinds of independent arrangements, stopping wherever and for as long as one likes, going from Albuquerque to Zanesville. That's the beauty of bus travel. You *can* get there from here.

No doubt the best buys of all are Greyhound's Ameripass and Continental Trailways' Eaglepass, which offer almost unlimited travel throughout the United States for thirty days for $149. For an extra $50, you can spend an additional thirty days. Some vacationers fly to the state or region of their holiday choice, then use their thirty-day bus pass for crisscrossing the area in depth.

Besides the two major bus lines, many bus companies within a state or region have special tours. Most local travel agencies, as well as bus stations in many towns, are replete with schedules, guides, and reams of data about bus possibilities.

Luxury bus trips, despite my personal naiveté about them, are certainly not a recent invention. Who has been supporting buses all these years, causing the bus lines to evolve so many elaborate tours and complex schedules? I put this question to Thomas Stevens in Continental Trailways' New York office. "More people than you'd think," he said, smiling. "Some people are afraid of flying. As passenger trains have become almost obsolete and exorbitant to boot, buses have picked up the slack in land travel."

SENIOR CITIZENS, long canny about stretching limited retirement income and with sufficient time for leisurely travel, have been bus buffs for years. Schoolteachers with flexible summer schedules and foreign visitors with their economical unlimited travel passes also are enthusiasts. And recently, as inflation soars, more and more families have discovered that seeing America by bus is really *seeing* America, not flying *over* it.

Summer is by far the favorite season

Buses in Europe

Buses in Europe haven't generated the lore and legend of the American Greyhound, but they do provide a reliable, comfortable supplement to the Continent's rail network. It was the national railroads that created Europabus, a means of transport to places trains don't travel. Europabus runs regular intercity service and special tours, including guides, meals, and hotels, to such areas as the Loire Valley and the Alps. With a Eurailpass, you can ride Europabus for at least 50 percent off regular fares.

British buses offer an even better bargain. With the lengthening of Britain's motorways, the National Bus Company's vehicles can almost equal the speed of trains. An eight-day CoachMaster ticket costs just twenty dollars, and regular fares are equally appealing. For instance, from London to Bristol and back, 236 miles altogether, the fare is less than five dollars if you return the same day, just over six dollars any other time. Along the way the driver may make a tea stop—so you can also spend a penny. Ireland, despite a thinning rail and bus schedule, offers a two-week Irish Rambler Ticket for forty-three dollars standard, fifty-five dollars first class, good for bus or train travel.

In Italy CIAT provides tours between cities, day trips, and a five-day tour of Sicily. The buses are equipped with a bar, and soft drinks are served by the hostess/guide. CIAT's Silver Ribbon service between Rome and Florence—a daylong trip via Assisi, Perugia, and Siena—takes in several walking tours and a lunch stop (not included in the price) for $14.50. An all-day sojourn to the famous villas outside Venice costs seventeen dollars, a price that covers transport, entrance fees, guide, tips, lunch, and tea. The five-day tour around Sicily ($213 per person) includes deluxe lodging and two meals each day.

Some of Italy's private bus companies also serve regions of the country. Others, like SITA, send coaches all the way to northern Europe. SITA's Milan-Brussels trip (thirty hours) costs twenty-five dollars, though a second-class train ride, just fourteen hours, is less than thirty dollars. Another bus company, Autostradale, can take you all the way from Bonn to Athens for fifty-nine dollars, a sum that includes demi-pension (two meals a day) and two nights' lodging.

Cityrama of France offers thirty-four bus trips through Paris and its environs. Double-decker coaches are equipped with multilingual commentary, a hostess, and bar service. For example, "The Complete Paris Tour" costs six dollars for three hours. You can see "Modern Paris" in the same time for $4.50. Evening excursions include "Paris Illuminations and *Son et Lumière* at the Invalides" for $4.50 or "Paris by Night 'Lido,' " featuring the Bastille and the "Apaches" dances, Montmartre's Pigalle, and the Lido for thirty-one dollars, and you're out until 2 A.M. Full-day forays to Fontainebleau and Versailles cost twelve dollars (lunch not included), and a day trip to Chartres and Rambouillet is two dollars less.

FOR A HEADLONG PLUNGE into France, Cityrama's twelve-day grand tour of "Highlights of France from the Caveman to the 'Concorde' " costs $318 per person, with lodging in three-star hotels, two meals a day included. Cityrama also has a choice of half-a-dozen one-to-three-day itineraries: Mont-Saint-Michel and the châteaux of the Loire, three days, ninety-five dollars per person, all-inclusive; Rheims-Champagne, one day, thirteen dollars, includes a taste of champagne but not lunch.

The famous Alpine Postal Coaches crisscross Switzerland, providing the traveler and the resident with service to remote villages and Alpine resorts, filling in where trains leave off. Yellow buses, easily identified by their melodic horn signal, carry some fifty million passengers over the 4700-mile network each year. The drivers are bilingual and have had special training that includes one year as a truck driver and a mechanic. They often double as guides. A full day's excursion from Interlaken, crossing several famous mountain passes, stopping for lunch (not included), and back costs eleven dollars. D.B.

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for bus travel, though in certain cities, such as Philadelphia, the winter weekend ski trips to the mountains of western New York are a best-seller. And no wonder! For fifty-seven dollars you can have a three-day ski weekend that includes hotel accommodations, transportation, four meals, ski rentals, live entertainment two nights, and one free ski lesson. Some seven hundred skiers—or twenty busloads a weekend—take advantage of this special package.

Among the favorite longer trips for easterners is the thirty-day "California and the Golden West" run, which includes the National Parks, Grand Canyon, Disneyland, Los Angeles, San Francisco, the Old Mormon Trail, Salt Lake City, Santa Fe, Las Vegas, and back. The Pacific Northwest tour, with a man's-eye view of the Canadian and U.S. Rockies, is another popular trip. Westerners and midwesterners enjoy coming east to the historic cities of Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, and New York.

BUS TRAVEL is gregarious, no doubt about it. A misanthrope wouldn't survive a cross-country trip much beyond Pittsburgh. But even on a crowded bus (and ours began to fill up after Philadelphia), the decibel level is fairly restrained. Tape reels of innocuous Muzak-type music are played at low volume. ("I bought a tape of Christmas music," Elaine told me, "and played it all through December. Everyone sang carols. We had a ball.") Passengers sleep, read, gaze out the window (and from their elevated seats they really have a commanding view), chat cozily, and doze again. Escorted tours are planned to allow a maximum of two continuous hours on the road between breaks—and daylight driving at all times (except for special night outings within a tour city)—to avoid seat fatigue.

You who discover the open road are not limited to escorted or independent tours or even regular schedules, if you travel by bus. You might want to think big—*à la* Paramount Pictures or the Philadelphia Eagles—and charter one of Continental Trailways' three Executive specials. Each comes complete with bar, refrigerator, ice-cube maker, wall-to-wall carpeting, built-in closet, semicircular lounge, rattan draw-draperies, and telephone. At $1.50 a golden mile, one can luxuriate all the way from Miami to Boston or be a Little Big Spender, rent the Executive for a cocktail party, and never leave the terminal. □

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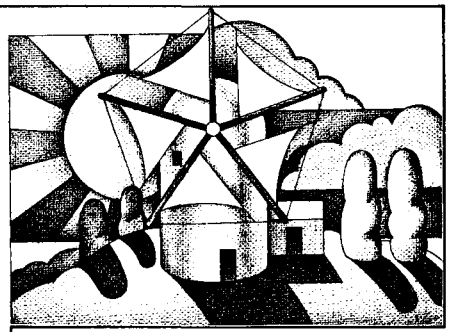

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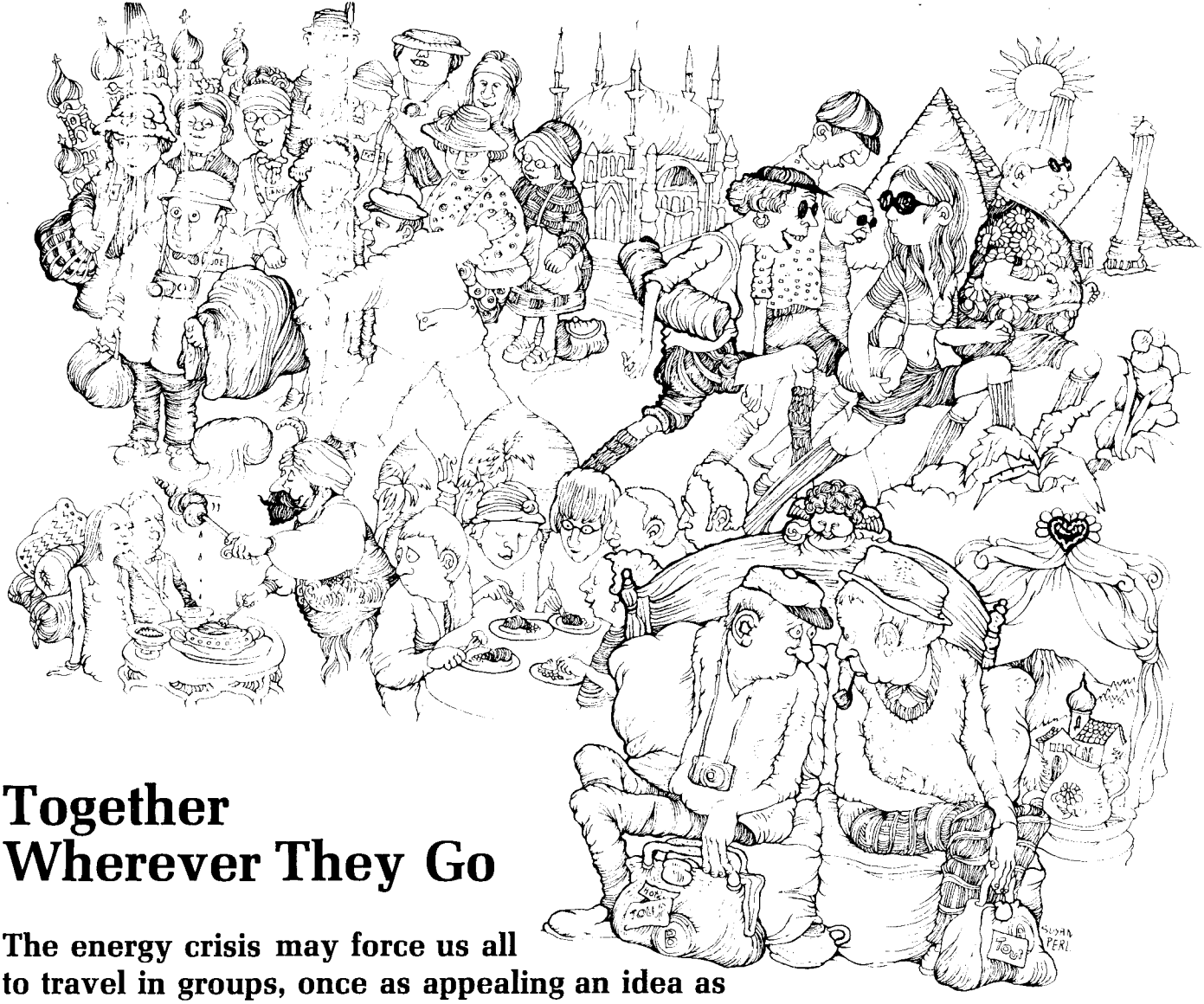

Together Wherever They Go

The energy crisis may force us all to travel in groups, once as appealing an idea as a trip to the gallows. Here's how to do it painlessly.

by Ila Stanger

In the not so distant past, most of us would rather have gone to the gallows alone than go anywhere with a group. We all have at least one small Mittyesque vision of traveling the world on our own, charting unknown seas, hacking through uncrossed terrain, stumbling on ancient civilizations, piloting our own plane across the Atlantic, and conquering Europe in a Maserati.

But the shock of the energy crisis—no matter what its degree of reality—has reminded us of the social and financial price of our escalating greed and our insistence on going it alone, even if we could get gas for that Maserati. A new consciousness is filtering through, the reverse chic of the concerned and slightly exhausted world citizen who will share his travel with others. It's a kind of inconspicuous consumption.

In this case, necessity is the mother of a trend. The practicalities of our situation are that underbooked flights are being canceled, and desirable hotels are block-booked by the giant travel agencies. So, if you're on a plane filled with a group, you're more likely to take off, and if you arrive with one, you're more likely to have a place to rest your head. And as prices for fuel go up and international currencies rise and fall like yo-yos, individual travel is becoming astronomical in price and confusion.

The encouraging side to all this is that the word *group* is increasingly elastic and can stretch to fit an enormous variety of travel concepts. It doesn't necessarily mean being whizzed around like a school of barracuda, swimming past the *Mona Lisa* in fifteen seconds, and gobbling up Rome in a day-and-a-half. That old cliché of the escorted tour—sort of a Kiwanis Club meeting on the move—still exists. But some group packages can mean as little as just sitting on the plane with people who have bought into the same plan and whom you will never run into again, except on the flight back.

There are, of course, still disadvantages to traveling in a group. Maintaining a facade of civility with people who have nothing in common except a desire to save money on this particular trip. Finding yourself in a world-famed restaurant with free agents at other tables ordering exotic dishes from all over the menu, while you're stuck with the native equivalent of London broil and rice pudding. Arriving in a strange locale, feeling a bit like a Martian (which has happened to us all at least once when we were on our own), but feeling like a Martian traveling with a tribe of conquering Venutians is something else again. And as we all know, loving mankind is a lot easier than loving an individual with whom you have to share a car or a hotel room. The laws of homicide still hold even away from home.

But the modern difficulties of traveling

On the editorial staff of Harper's Bazaar *for ten years, Ila Stanger has specialized in features on the arts and on travel. She has been travel editor for the last four years.*

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alone can be even more acute. Watching your baggage disappear behind the check-in counter and knowing that when *you* arrive in London and *it's* on its way to Istanbul, you will be one lone voice coping with its recovery, instead of having the corporate muscle of American Express leaning on the airline. Practicing the martial arts to get a taxi or being herded on a runaway bus that's invariably going to the east side of town when your hotel is just as invariably in the west, instead of being met by someone from the tour agency who will place you tenderly in a means of transportation that will take you right to your destination. Presenting yourself to the hotel desk while the reservation manager, in his best Arthur-Treacher-as-butler manner, handles your written, confirmed reservation as if it were a forgery or, at the very least, as if it had a peculiar odor, and after a great scene and summit conferences in the office, manages, at great personal sacrifice to himself, to find you an attic room for only three dollars less than the suite you'd reserved. (They're a lot less likely to turn away a thundering herd of rhinoceroses—which most travelers resemble after a long flight—than one lone, depleted gazelle.)

Sometimes the things we are forced to do, kicking and screaming all the way, turn out to be the most rewarding. For instance, those half-day tours of the city included in most packages, which some inexperienced travelers eschew in the name of sophistication, are a quick and painless way to get your bearings. And then there are some places that you just can't get to on your own without sixteen guides and/or a grant from *National Geographic*. A few years ago, I boarded a boat in the Galápagos Islands and saw what I thought was a floating geriatrics ward—or as someone once said about another cruise, "the average age was between seventy and dead." It taught me one of the great lessons of my life about first, shallow judgments, because they were among the most fascinating and lively people I've ever met, the first to climb the rocks, the happiest to swim with the seals. It goes far to explain the great success of tours such as the ones run by Lars Lindblad, and museum field trips. Aside from the fact that they get you to places you couldn't or wouldn't want to get to on your own, like the Galápagos or Antarctica, their main appeal is that you find yourself traveling in the company of like minds, experienced travelers who are motivated enough to bake in the unceasing sun or freeze in the icy reaches of the planet. Admittedly, though, these are special and expensive cases. The headlong rush toward group travel on the part of individuals and airlines is based on financial considerations and ease of planning.

When the scheduled carriers saw part of their business draining away to charters, they began establishing, under the direction of the Civil Aeronautics Board, a Byzantine complex of group fares. It's a bureaucratic swamp only Grendel and a few airline experts could call home.

Of course, they speak to each other in that strange technical non-language that any group of initiates use, whether they're airline people or sociologists. Everything is referred to by initials, a diversionary tactic used to throw mere mortals off the scent and to make us feel that without a team of Philadelphia lawyers, a pocket calculator, and a great deal of grit, we'd better just depend on Big Brother.

Well, if there is one thing Ralph Nader taught us, it's that even with a profusion of government regulatory agencies supposedly designed for the public's sake, an aware consumer who knows how to ask the right questions is his own best protection. It's no less true of buying travel than it is of picking out chicken in a supermarket.

The airlines are not in the business of subterfuge, but, except for the supplemental carriers that are solely devoted to charter service, they were, after all, founded on regularly scheduled flights. When you call an airline office, standard prices will be quoted, first class and tourist and maybe an excursion. But if you call, for instance, Pan Am, which has the largest charter business of the scheduled lines, and ask specifically about charters for a specific period of time and place—depending on who picks up the phone—you may be referred to your own travel agent or legitimate organizers that handle the new kinds of non-affinity charters.

Before you can call with the right questions, you've got to make your way through the maze of group travel expressions that are thrown around with such abandon by the fourteen people who understand them. So, here's a not-too-technical glossary of terms that you can field right back at them.

GIT, or Group Inclusive Tour. Airlines are allowed, under a CAB rule, to put together their own non-charter groups, sell directly to the public, charge group fares that are less than excursion, although not as cheap as charter fares, and offer low-cost packages. The GITs were originally used to promote off-season travel, but they're such a success that they've been extended, for longer periods and higher prices, through peak travel seasons.

It isn't necessary to worry about charter rules. Another flight is guaranteed if the group isn't formed for the one you wanted, and there are stopover privileges, not available with charters. Though cheaper than traveling on one's own, it doesn't necessarily have to be bargain-basement style, either (Air France's Aristocrat package, with lodging in Paris at the Crillon, Plaza Athenée, Georges V). But it can be as simple as some of TWA's motor-coach tours of Europe. The prices of the GITs go down with the degree of togetherness and the class of hotels.

Charters: Affinity, TGC, ITC, Single Entity or Incentive. The word *charter* makes some people very nervous. We've all seen, on the eleven o'clock news, bands of would-be travelers stranded at the airport, and the only thing that's taken off is the crooked tour operator with their money. There are some abuses with affinity charters because the CAB doesn't have as intricate filing requirements for that category as for the ITCs and TGCs. The scheduled airlines claim that they are very careful about the organizations they allow to charter their aircraft, as are the big four supplemental carriers, World Airways, Overseas National Airways, Capitol, and Trans International.

Affinity charters require that the organization must be in existence for two years, and you must be a member for six months to be eligible for a charter. It's the ones that allow you to sign on as a backdated member that you have to watch out for. If they're willing to bend

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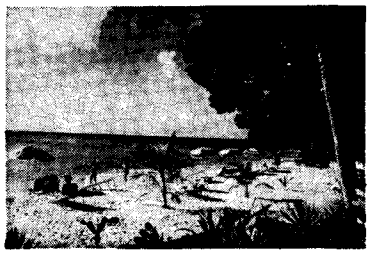

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the rules for you, they just might be willing to bend them for themselves. What they charge is based on the tariff per mile, the ferry cost, and a service charge. The service charge on an affinity, which must be stated on all charters, tends to be less than for the others, since they have less paperwork with the CAB. The affinity charter is usually cheaper, but you do take more of a chance. The CAB is thinking seriously of phasing them out next year, because they are discriminatory in the same way that the now non-existent youth fares were, since they prevent most of the populace from taking advantage of the low fares.

ITC and *TGC* are open to everyone. It isn't necessary to be a member of a ski club or a bird-watching cabal. Just go to a travel agency. The charter organizations must register with the CAB, hence the higher service charge; place a bond for the full amount they plan to charge, or reduce the bond by putting the fares in escrow. To determine the legality of the ITC and TGC charter, write the Office of Consumer Affairs, Civil Aeronautics Board, 1875 Connecticut Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C., 20408, or call 202-382-6376.

A TGC or travel group charter is a flight over and back (before signing any other charter contract, make sure the return trip is stipulated). Contracts must be signed at least ninety days in advance, and a 25 percent deposit must be paid.

The ITC or inclusive tour charter includes a land package that's a bit cheaper than those offered with the GITs, and last-minute registration is permissible.

Incentive, or *single-entity,* charters require that one person, or company, pays for the complete cost and cannot resell any of the seats. Though used mainly by large businesses, the charters might be perfect for you and 179 of your most intimate friends.

Here are some of the interesting GIT packages chosen out of the hundreds airlines offer. They are all based on double occupancy; the rates go up for single rooms, as they do for weekend travel. They will almost assuredly be raised again, because of the mounting price of fuel—or, anyway, that's this year's excuse. But when they do go up, they'll do so across the board, so the comparison of prices with the GITs, scheduled fare and charters, which I've listed when they're available, will still hold. If you've prepaid for a trip, you will have to pay the difference in price; but there are still

(Continued on page 36.)

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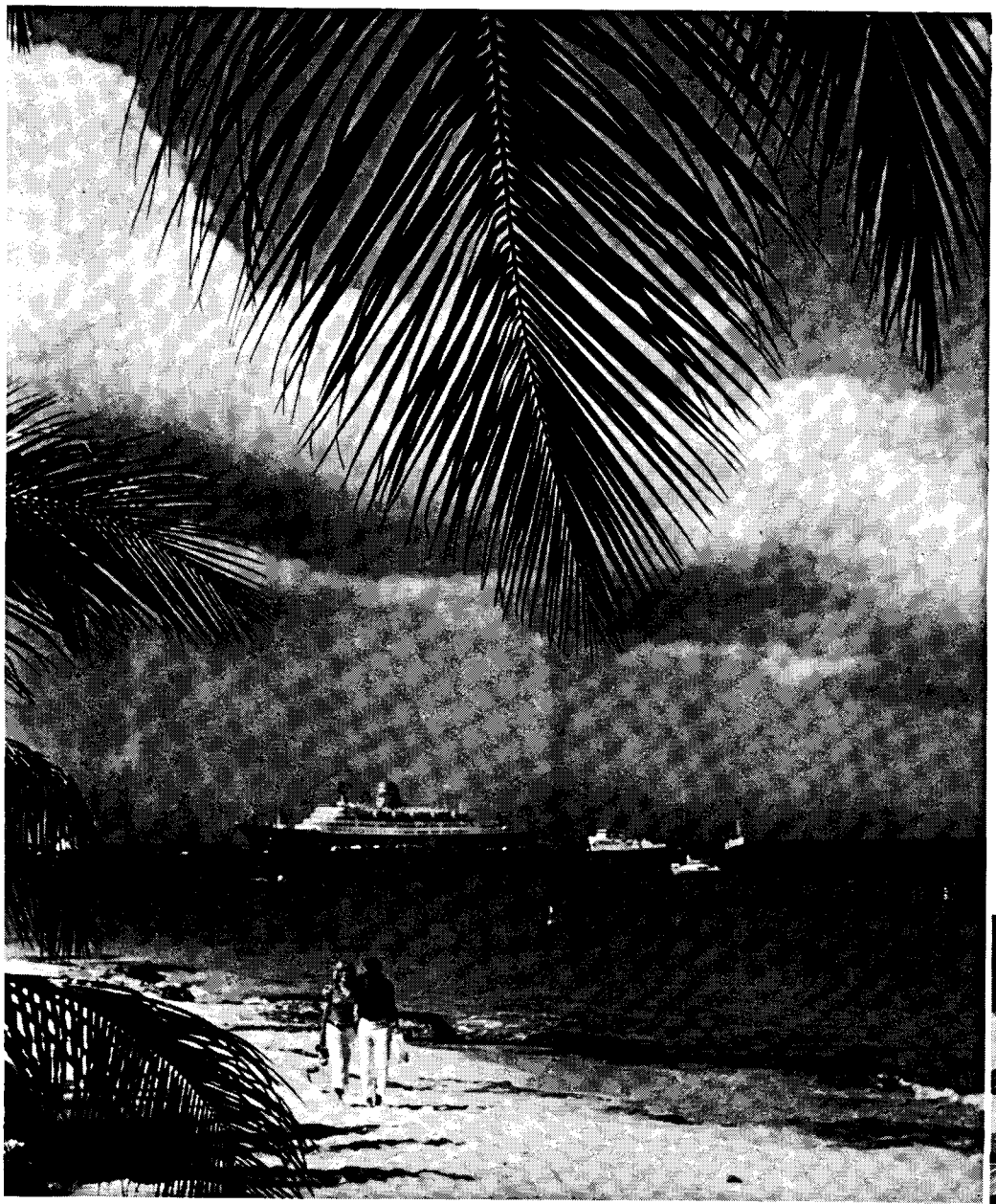
Vistafjord✦Sagafjord Cruises. Most people take two.



More than 50% of the passengers who cruise on our two beautiful ships have sailed with us before. And they just couldn't wait to get back to the welcome that's unique to Norway's most experienced world cruise line.

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Where will you cruise with us this year, again or for the first time? It could be the Caribbean or the Mediterranean in spring. Or the glittering North Cape. Eastern Europe, or the South Pacific. Or, in early '75, the Orient or Africa...

So ask your travel agent soon where the Vistafjord and Sagafjord are going. Or call us for brochures. We'd like to welcome you aboard on one of our cruises or two.

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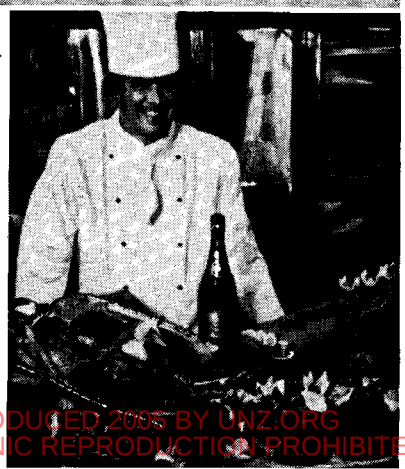
EASTER WEST INDIES, April 12. 14 days. 7 ports. Sagafjord.
SPRING CRUISE TO EUROPE & BRITISH ISLES, April 26. 35 days. 19 ports. Sagafjord.
NORTH CAPE & FJORDLANDS, June 1. 32 days. 12 ports. Sagafjord.
TWO CARIBBEAN CRUISES, from Port Everglades only, June 3, June 13. 10 days. 4 ports. Vistafjord.
NORTH CAPE & NORTHERN EUROPE, June 23*/25. 42 days 19 ports. Vistafjord.
SCANDINAVIA AND EASTERN EUROPE, Aug. 7. 30 days. 8 ports. Vistafjord.
FALL MEDITERRANEAN, Sept. 7/9*. 39 days. 15 ports. Vistafjord.
SIX CARIBBEAN CRUISES, from Port Everglades, Oct. 19-Dec. 18. 10-17 days. 5-10 ports. Vistafjord.
SOUTH SEAS-EAST INDIES-ORIENT, Jan. 7/10*. 90 days. 23 ports. Vistafjord.
FOUR CONTINENTS, Jan. 21/23*. 79 days. 29 ports. Sagafjord.



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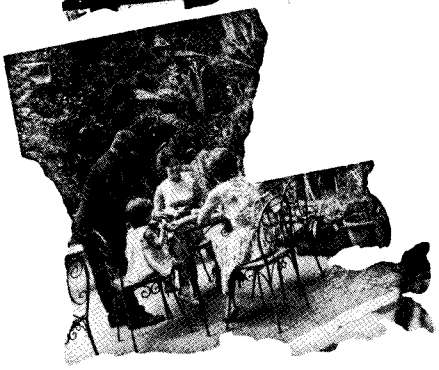

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(**Together:** *continued from page 34.*)
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Europe

Air France offers two plans at different ends of the price scale, both for fifteen days with two-star hotels. Treasures of France: Paris, the Château Country, Burgundy, and Provence, breakfast and dinner, land transportation, and sightseeing. Wine Countries of France is a fly-drive package, with a government fuel priority for tourists: Paris and a week of driving in your own car through Bordeaux, Burgundy, and Chablis. Treasures of France is $795, and Wine Countries $995, both including land arrangements and GIT air fare New York to Paris, $396. Excursion fare alone is $530, coach $696. Sample affinity charter about $376.

TWA's Argonaut: fourteen days, New York to Athens, seven-day cruise of Greek islands and Turkey, first-class hotels. $959, with GIT fare $395. Excursion $693, coach $958. Charter $315.

Pan Am's London Showtime: fifteen days, deluxe hotels, five theater tickets, sightseeing. $629, including GIT fare $323. Excursion $495, coach $648. Charter $200.

South America

Pan Am: nine days Rio de Janeiro, deluxe hotel, sightseeing. $573, with GIT fare $403. Excursion $586, coach $770. Charter for seven days $245.

Braniff: eight days Peru, deluxe accommodations in Lima, optional extensions to Cuzco and Machu Picchu. $577, with GIT fare $433. Excursion $510, coach $604.

The South Seas

Qantas: San Francisco to Sydney, ten days that can be extended to thirty-five with New Zealand taken in for skiing, first-class hotels, car with 550 free miles. $730, including GIT fare $630. Excursion $971.30, coach $1350.

The Orient

Air India's Sita Holiday: twenty-two days, escorted tour, Delhi, Bombay, Udaipur, Katmandu, Benares, deluxe hotels. $1301, with GIT fare New York to India $689. Excursion $1092, coach $1518.

Pan Am's Orient Dimensions: twenty-three days, Japan, Singapore, Bali, Thailand, Hong Kong, deluxe hotels, sightseeing. $1630, with GIT fare $1081. Excursion, New York to Bali, $1338. Charter to Japan $510. □

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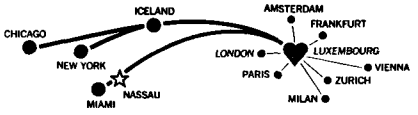

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Where to Go in the Summer of '74 Without Declaring Bankruptcy

by Dena Kaye

Ride the Rails Through Copper Canyon, Mexico—scenic, thirteen-hour trip from Chihuahua to Los Mochis on the Gulf of California aboard $100-million Chihuahua Pacific Railway. Cars have picture windows, reclining seats, food service. Views of rapids, ravines, 7500–10,000-foot-high peaks, tropical jungles. Stops at Creel in Copper Canyon (optional overnight at Hotel Nuevo, two dollars single, no meals). Walks to Painted Cave. Horseback rides to Cusarare Falls. Tarahumara Indian crafts. Aeromexico from Mexico City to Chihuahua. Round-trip train fare, $21.80.

Discover the South Seas in San Blas, Mexico—lazy town north of Puerto Vallarta, adobe and thatch-roofed houses, sandy streets, swaying palms. Posada-style Hotel Bucanero occupies old mansion. Four dollars double, no meals, dining room is local discothèque on weekends. Beach a mile from town. Offshore islands have tropical birds, shells. Fishing trips $2.40 per hour for four persons. Two-and-a-half-hour boat trip down San Cristobal River, up La Tobara tributary. Stops at coffee and banana plantations. Eight dollars for six people.

Ride a Horse in the Canadian Rockies—six-day pony trek traverses Banff National Park, Alberta. Explore new trails, picnic by mountain streams or lakes, return to base camp each night in the meadows near the Upper Spray River (thirty-five miles south of Banff), sleep in Indian-style teepees, each with stove inside. $170 per person includes meals (three main courses at breakfast and dinner), horse and saddle, guide services. Fly to Calgary, then take the bus seventy-five miles to Trail Head Corral. Pick up horses and guides and ride to base camp.

Open the West in a Covered Wagon—horses or mules pull wagons and chuck wagon over pioneer trails and backcountry roads in the Teton National Forest, Wyoming. Wagons have rubber tires and foam-padded seats that make into beds. Cooking over the campfire, square dancing, fishing, riding, hiking. Up to fifty people can take one-to-six-day trips. Thirty dollars per day for adults; twenty dollars for children under fourteen; rates all-inclusive, except bedroll. Adventure Trip Guide, 36 East 57th St., New York, New York 10022.

Milk a Cow in the U.S.A.—vacations on working farms. Example: A week at Hill's Farm Inn in Arlington, Vermont, costs a flat $100 and includes all meals, swimming in nearby brook, hiking in the countryside, trout fishing, helping the farmer. Farm and Ranch Vacations, 36 East 57th St., New York, New York 10022.

Sign Aboard a Windjammer Cruise—the 132-foot *Victory Chimes*, largest passenger-sailing vessel under the American flag, cruises the coast of Maine between Portland and Bar Harbor, anchoring each night in a different harbor. Swim over the side or from the beach, eat Chinese and Polynesian dishes prepared by a Philippine chef. From $185 per person per week, all-inclusive. Maine Coast Cruises, Castine, Maine 04421.

Camp Out in Strawberry Fields—twenty-acre camping ground hugs the ocean on Jamaica's north coast between Ocho Rios and Port Antonio. Tents cost seventy dollars per week for two; thatch-roofed cottages, ninety-five dollars a week for two; thatch-roofed geodesic dome, $125 a week for two. All have full-size beds with linens, water cooler, sheltered kitchen in bamboo lean-to, two-burner gas stove, pots and pans, dishes. Central wash building, showers nearby. Dining room doubles as playroom and discothèque. Grocery store. Nearby excursions: river rafting, shopping. Train from Kingston to Annotto Bay, three-hour colorful ride. Or pickup service from Kingston provided for twenty-four-dollar round trip.

Farm Out in Ireland—over 450 farms and cottages honeycombed throughout Ireland's green countryside take boarders. Some of the prettiest in western counties of Clare, Kerry, Cork, Galway. Rustic but spic-and-span accommodations (brass beds, bath down the hall). To do: golf, visits to nearby castles, fishing, riding. Equipment often provided by farm. Average cost is fifty dollars per week per person with two hearty Irish meals.

Spend a Green Week in Italy—many Italian mountain resorts offer special packages in summer (a white week in winter). Seven days at Cortina d'Ampezzo includes full board, room with bath; the Cortina Pass ticket—unlimited use of cable cars and chair lifts, indoor swimming pool, 25 percent discount on riding school and concerts, Alpine excursions, bus trips. From $110 to $275 per person. Five-hour train ride from Milano to Calalzo (station for Cortina) on new *rapido* train, called the Arrow of the Dolomites.

Put up in a Portuguese Pousada—pousadas, or government inns, dot Portugal, cost as little as ten dollars a day for two with meals. New entry: Pousada da Rainha Isobel in Estremoz, two-and-a-half-hour drive east of Lisbon. Twenty-three rooms; lies within walls of the castle at Estremoz built by King Diniz in the fourteenth century. Marble floors, rare paintings, antiques, canopy beds. Twenty-four dollars a day for two with meals. Nearby towns of interest: Évora, the museum city; Borba, antique shops; Vila Viçosa, castle of last Portuguese royal family (clothes still in the closet).

Pedal a Bicycle on Funen, Denmark—week-long two-wheeler tours cover the flat island of Funen and nearby islands. Overnight stays include Svendborg, a Danish version of San Francisco's Tiburon, with the oldest summer theater in Denmark; café life—the Bowler and the Goose are well known; over fifty restaurants. Also, Odense, home of Hans Christian Andersen. Pass manor houses and parks, small fishing villages en route. From $116 for lodging, board, and bicycle. Lightning Train from Copenhagen to Korsøer, ferry across to Nyborg. Then take local bus for hour's ride to Svendborg. See local tourist office.

Rent an Island in Finland—private islands in the Gulf of Finland can be rented for fifty dollars per week. A ninety-acre plot with furnished three-room cottage that sleeps three to four and has equipped kitchen; sauna and rowboat usually included. Swimming and fishing free. Boat service twice weekly to nearest town for shopping—or buy produce from local farmer. One-hour plane ride

(*Continued on page 41.*)

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Trains in Europe

(Continued from page 24.)

$115 respectively; economy-fare passes run about 15 percent less. Youth passes for those between fourteen and twenty-two are available for less. These cards also have to be purchased at home, but travelers who find themselves in Britain without one can take the trains anyway.

"With or without a pass, we're very cheap," a British Rail operative told me one morning at Marlybone Station headquarters.

As Britain continues to build one train coach per day and to install electrified lines throughout its network, traveling time across the island shrinks perceptibly. The immediate goal is a 100-mile-an-hour train, a rate the Royal Scot can almost attain on the 460-mile run from London to Glasgow. Britain's longest, and perhaps most scenic, route is London-Inverness out of Euston Station. In nine hours the train slices through the Lake District and ascends three different mountain summits before pulling into the capital of the Highlands. Those who would forgo scenery for rest can take the ten-and-a-half-hour overnight ride to Inverness, at an added cost for a first-class sleeper. An attendant is always near to fetch a hot-water bottle or a cup of tea, to shine shoes or bring the paper.

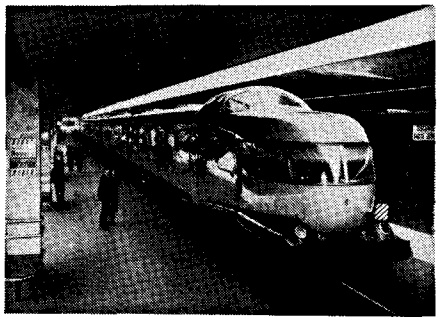
Small private companies still run steam locomotives over short stretches of track. None is more dramatic than Portmadoc to Ffestiniog in northern Wales, a two-hour ride through wondrous green valleys that fall away precipitously from the narrow trestle.

Across the English Channel, the steel wheels of Europe flash along an expanding network that did away with steam years ago. Third-class compartments also have disappeared from the trains of the thirteen countries that belong to Eurailpass. French and German trains, constantly experimenting and improving on their hardware and service, are the class of the Continent.

To get the most out of the little card, of course, one has to do a lot of riding. Otherwise it won't pay. Eurailpass and rental cars are only competitive with two or three people in a car. Cars in Europe rent for about $150 a week *without* petrol.

The joy of Eurailpass, I found on a recent tour, is the absence of ticket-window haggling. In slack seasons a passenger can merely walk onto the train and show the pass to the conductor when he comes through the car. He will issue a ticket and assign a first-class seat without extra charge. In summer it's wise to visit the departure station a day in advance, particularly so if one expects a seat on a TEE train. By contrast, I followed a traveler friend who sought to make the same Paris-Amsterdam arrangements I had, but without Eurailpass was required to make a grand tour of the Gare du Nord in Paris. There were four agents to see: an information clerk, a fare calculator, a reservations clerk, and a ticket seller.

TEE trains, high-speed and first-class only, carry Europe's businessmen from one appointment to the next with something of the cachet of first-class air travel. Traveling on L'Étoile du Nord from Paris to Amsterdam recently, I got to the station about ten minutes before the train's 5:45 P.M. departure. What I didn't expect was a platform hike alongside the twenty-coach express, which seemed to stretch halfway to Brussels. Not that I needed one, but a European porter is a hard man to find. On TEE trains passengers sit in a coach with plush compartments for six or in a lounge car with two rows of tables set for dining. I drew the dining car. "You are not obliged to eat dinner," said the young French businessman in the next seat. He had the top-price $7 meal of soup, fish, potato, salad, cheese, and dessert—too expensive for the quality, he assured me. One can also order $4 or $2.50 plates, or sandwiches, sweets, drinks and wine.



Italy's Settebello—Whispering between Rome and Milan in less than six hours.

Our table was just being cleared as we glided into the main Brussels station two hours and twenty minutes from Paris. "In Europe I prefer the train," the Frenchman said, "but for more than four hours I will take the plane. Our sleeper trains, the *wagon-lits*, cost a little more than planes actually, but, you know, on interior French flights there is no service, no coffee or anything." He routinely travels by train across Europe and especially recommends the Paris-Marseilles summer sleeper, which rides to the Riviera with dancing car attached.

Public-address announcements in French, English, and Dutch punctuated the gently swaying ride through the darkened low country. The waiters, though efficient, seemed intent on reaching Amsterdam before the train did, carrying off unfinished wine bottles and rushing to close the galley. There was no faulting the train's punctuality: It arrived dead on time in Amsterdam at 10:45 P.M.

Considerably faster than L'Étoile du Nord is the non-stop Paris-Bordeaux Aquitaine, which reaches speeds of 125 mph and averages about 90. France's longest-haul and plushest, if not quickest, train is Le Mistral, which stops nine times in nine hours en route from Paris to Nice. It is equipped with boutique, hairdresser, and secretarial compartment.

German railroads, which match French rail progress move for move, will install the first of their five-car, self-propelled electrical trains this summer between Bremen and Munich, complete with dining room, secretarial service, movies, and the last word in seating and lighting comfort. For service and scenery Germany's best may be the Rheingold, which starts in the Dutch lowlands at Rotterdam, meanders along the Rhine, the Black Forest, and finally halts in Basel.

Italy has a fine fleet, led by the whispering Settebello between Rome and Milan (less than six hours). Swiss Federal Railways dispatches lightweight trains with the frequency of a crack subway system. Dutch trains, also noted for their clockwork regularity, operate over one of the densest networks on earth. Norwegian trains are not particularly rapid, but the Oslo-Bergen run may qualify as Europe's loveliest. For added splendor one may get off at Myrdal and take a rail spur north to Flaam. At one point the train stops so that passengers can climb down and photograph a series of waterfalls tumbling all round. The Lisbon Express—not a TEE train—offers a long scenic ride between Madrid and Lisbon. Multilingual hostesses point out the changing landscape as you pass from sere sheep-grazing country into the verdant terrain of western Portugal.

DAVID BUTWIN

A native Minnesotan, David Butwin worked on the Honolulu Advertiser, *moved to New York in 1967 to join the staff of* Saturday Review. *Since 1972 he has been a free lance specializing in travel subjects.*

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(**Nerve Gas:** *continued from page 16.*)
U.S. introduction of binaries may lead to a round of chemical-weapons proliferation and may increase the possibility that these weapons may be used. It is well known that multi-million-dollar projects tend to develop a quite unsubtle bureaucratic momentum as they progress.

One of the more frightening and less publicized aspects of the chemical-research program is the development of an oral vaccine that provides immunity to nerve-gas poisoning. At this moment troops operating in a possible chemical theater carry small cartridges filled with atropine, a belladonna extract. These handy cartridges are for immediate self-injection as a nerve-gas antidote. In case there is a nerve-gas attack, you have to don a cumbersome protective suit and gas mask immediately. Time is all-important. What if you are exposed? Military instructors describe the battlefront after a nerve-gas attack in this way:

> Don't ask questions. Jam that cartridge into your hip. . . . Your buddy is convulsing. He is defecating, salivating, urinating, sweating. He is a stinking mess because his muscles are all contracting. Take out his atropine injector and give him a shot. He has three of them. Use them all. . . . If more is necessary, reach over and take the injectors carried by the dead man lying nearby. Don't be sentimental; he won't bitch.

Doctors consider atropine a dangerous poison itself, and if the soldier (civilians would not be likely to have the antidote available) injects too much and finds that he has not been exposed, he is likely to poison himself with atropine. The new vaccine uses a small quantity of an organophosphate poison to develop, within the body, antigens that provide immunity to nerve agents. If the vaccine works, the atropine-poisoning problem will be solved.

The army holds that the oral vaccine is basically defensive because it will protect U.S. troops and cannot inflict harm on enemy forces. But it is not easy to draw a line between offense and defense in matters of military technology. Immunity to nerve-gas poisoning would make it easier for U.S. forces to use nerve gas, as well as to defend against it, and thus the oral vaccine would appear to have offensive implications. Dr. Richard Novick, a New York City microbiologist who reported last year to the Scientists Committee on Chemical and Biological Warfare on recent developments in this field, believes that the oral nerve-gas vaccine could have consequences even farther-reaching than the binary itself. Novick worries that if one side perfects the vaccine, the other side will follow. The resulting obsolescence of nerve agents, he fears, may lead to a new and more intense search for more effective lethal chemical agents.

"While the army plunges ahead with chemical-weapons development . . . the United States consistently rejects all proposals for a chemical-arms agreement without setting forth any firm counterproposal.

Researchers at the Edgewood (Maryland) Arsenal have demonstrated the vaccine's effectiveness in protecting rabbits, which are often used to detect nerve gas leaks because of their sensitivity to the poison. The arsenal also recently requisitioned a batch of beagle puppies to test the new vaccine (beagles are used because their physiological responses are similar to those of human beings). The next logical step will be to challenge the vaccine by exposing people to small doses of nerve agents.

While the army plunges ahead with chemical-weapons development, efforts to establish international restraints on these weapons are standing still. President Nixon is busy assuring anyone who will listen that the United States plays "a leading role in discussion of chemical-weapons controls" at the U.N. Conference of the Committee on Disarmament. The United States, however, has consistently rejected all proposals for a chemical-arms agreement without setting forth any firm counterproposal. For this reason some experts, Scoville included, say that the U.S. role adds up to foot-dragging rather than leadership. Meanwhile, the United States remains the lone major power that has not acceded to the 1925 Geneva Protocol, which bans first use in combat of "asphyxiating, poisonous, or other gases and all analogous . . . devices."

THE ARMY USUALLY CONDUCTS extensive field tests before purchasing a new item, but the "try before you buy" policy is something of a problem in the case of binary nerve gas. Open-air testing of lethal chemicals has been a sensitive issue since 1968, when an errant aerial nerve-gas test resulted in the deaths of 6400 sheep scattered across the desert south of Salt Lake City. Beset by growing criticism in the wake of its unsuccessful attempt to cover up its involvement in this fiasco, the army suspended nerve-gas testing in 1969. Congress subsequently required that lethal chemicals should not be open-air tested or procured without specific approval of the secretary of defense and prior consultation with appropriate public-health authorities and elected officials (the key provisions of PL 91-121, however, may be waived by the President in the interest of national security).

Knowledgeable observers say the army has been ready to field-test live binary munitions since 1972, but there are indications that the Pentagon may be willing to go into production without an extensive round of open-air tests, in order to avoid controversy. But in spite of Defense Department efforts to circumvent it, the controversy is building. Democratic Congressman Wayne Owens of Utah, whose district includes Dugway, has introduced legislation to curb the chemical-warfare program, and his persistent effort has rounded up some fifty House co-sponsors. The influential National Security Policy and Scientific Developments Subcommittee of the House Foreign Affairs Committee is planning to take up the question in major hearings this spring. (Observers recall that President Nixon's 1969 policy proclamation on chemical and biological warfare was made in the midst of a thorough analysis of the subject by the same subcommittee, which is headed by Wisconsin Democrat Clement J. Zablocki.)

The debate over testing has been marked by a number of apparently conflicting Pentagon announcements. Although Gen. William Gribble, army chief of research and development, told the House Armed Services Committee in 1972 that "open-air testing will be requested to confirm weapon efficiency of the binary 155-millimeter projectile prior to procurement," Pine Bluff has been designated as the production site for military components—without testing.

Whatever the decision on testing the binary, the fundamental question remains: Is there a pressing need for still another nerve gas whose production is likely to increase, rather than decrease, the possibility that chemical weapons will be used in future conflicts? □

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BOOKS

An Earlier Point in Time

LINCOLN STEFFENS, A BIOGRAPHY
by Justin Kaplan
Simon & Schuster, 232 pp., $9.95

Reviewed by Peter Schrag

The parallels between the era of muckraking and the age of Watergate are, for the most part, too obvious to require elaboration. The setting has shifted from city hall and the statehouse to Washington and the White House, the stakes seem higher, and the terms have been slicked up by the PR men—"investigative reporting" has replaced "muckraking"—but the scenario remains pretty much the same, both as politics and as entertainment. Then, as now, we could enjoy the illusion of moral certainty in the journalistic melodrama at a fearful price in political confusion; then, as now, the sweet smell of self-congratulation mixed reassuringly with the heady stench of official scandal; then, as now, the proper people profited both from the crime and the exposure. The proper people stay around forever.

Just in case his reader misses the connections, Justin Kaplan adds an afterword to his new biography of Lincoln Steffens:

> At no time since the high noon of S.S. McClure and his crusaders has muckraking—in its full range of investigation, exposure, and advocacy—had the force and currency it has achieved in the era of Ralph Nader, Daniel Ellsberg, Mylai, and Watergate. Never before, perhaps, was there quite so much to expose or so strong a resistance to exposure. Never before did muckraking have to contend with such elaborate safeguards and such an advanced state of moral numbness on the one side, and, on the other, so high a threshold of outrage in the public sensibility. Never before has muckraking—"the letting in of light and air"—been so nakedly recriminated and menaced by men in power.

Separated from those obvious and temptingly deceptive parallels, *Lincoln Steffens* is a brilliant biography of a man—and an age—shot through with political and moral contradictions, a weaving together of a vast amount of complicated material. Kaplan does a handsome job on what would now be called Steffens's radicalization from reformer to Christian moralist to Soviet apologist ("I have seen the future, and it works"); his attraction, on the one hand, to strong men who could make the cities work, and his infatuation, on the other, with the radical chic of Mabel Dodge's Greenwich Village salon in the innocent days when Freudians and Marxists drank from the same bottles; his ambivalence as exposer and beneficiary of what he came to call the System; his multiple and sometimes conflicting roles as reporter, advocate, negotiator, and theorist (nowadays he would be suspected of being a CIA agent); his influence on younger writers like Walter Lippmann and John Reed; and his uneasy passage through the corridors of Establishment influence. Most significantly, perhaps, Kaplan has pulled Steffens not only from the shadows of the *Autobiography* but also from the bowdlerized version of history where most of us first learned about him.

And yet, for all that, the strands remain loose. Kaplan, who won the Pulitzer Prize and the National Book Award for his study of Mark Twain, is too good a biographer for sentimentality. At the same time, however, he may still be too committed to his subject (and, perhaps, too conscious of Watergate) to develop the ironic distance that the situation demands. Kaplan, like Steffens, understands that the muckrakers were themselves part of the corporate system, both as employees of entrepreneurs like McClure and, in Steffens's case, as heirs, investors, and owners of stock. What he does not make clear is that most journalism in America—and certainly the kind of journalism that began with the penny press and was later elevated to muckraking—was also part entertainment, a series of morality plays for a readership that needed to be assured that great power and influence could not be achieved without corruption. That "high threshold in public sensibility" is the consequence, at least in part, of some inherent sense among the readers that while it's fun to cheer the hero and hiss the villains, corrupt politics is our literary equivalent of Greek tragedy, and that, in each instance, the outcome will be equally inevitable.

From the book
Lincoln Steffens at Union Square, New York, 1914—Muckraking in Manhattan.

Steffens, unlike most journalists of his time or ours, was an anatomist, a man interested in structure, and not merely a reporter. *The Shame of the Cities,* the reports on the bosses, the influence peddlers, the graft, were attempts to understand how the system functioned, and they led Steffens to his lifelong search for alternatives. Thus he became, successively, the good government reformer, the preacher of Christian morality, and, toward the end of his life, the apostle of "the next order of Society." He was talking communism, he told an audience in 1933, "Bolshevik communism," and he suggested that it was as inevitable as the coming of the automobile in the last days of the horse. And yet he never joined the party, and he remained, at bottom, the small-town progressive judging the horrors of an industrial, urban society. "Toward the end," Kaplan writes, Steffens "remembered from his youth in the Sacramento Valley how he had felt about the herd and herding habits of mind. 'It's a chance to learn to ride,' he told his son in July 1936. The valley's orchards and plains were heavy with summer. 'A boy who can swim and ride a horse can always escape in the night. Or in broad daylight.' " Kaplan's muckrakers, however, do not ride off into a

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sunset of clean government and civic improvement but into an uncertain, compromised future littered with inadequate solutions and fallen idols.

It's at this point that we may miss some of the parallels with Watergate and some that seem obvious become deceptive. The country has now had nearly two generations of big government, just as, in 1900, it was completing its second generation of urbanization. The disenchantment has set in. One of the consequences of Kaplan's lack of ironic distance is the insufficiency of his examination of what the corruption helped to buy—the public transportation, the sewer lines, the industrial base—and whether in fact the shame of the cities was in some way incidental to what most of the country wanted—perhaps even necessary to it. Did America, then as now, want dirty people to do dirty work that it didn't want to do for itself? Is it conceivable that those plastic young men confessing their sins before the Watergate committee really did believe (and had reason to believe) that they had a national mandate to tap telephones, burglarize offices, and draw up national intelligence plans? And was that mandate expressed not only by Nixon but also by nice people like Senator Ervin and Senator Baker? Daniel Ellsberg did not merely help muckrake Vietnam; he also helped make the muck. Judge Sirica, now celebrated by liberals, was known as "Maximum John," a hanging judge, until Watergate fell on his calendar.

Once again we are celebrating the press, and once again the story is part entertainment. For a year most of us have been getting our daily Watergate fix, cheering our deciduous heroes—Cox, Richardson, Ervin—hissing the sneering villains as they pass before the cameras, and promoting journalists into public philosophers. It won't hurt, I suspect; we will again become bored—have already become bored—as the scandals wear thin. And yet the loose strands from that other age also suggest something that may be more significant than some instant replay of history. The golden era of muckraking did not begin until most of the dirty work had been done, until the System was more or less built, and until the society had begun to feel that the returns were starting to diminish. What the country has been buying in the last few years is control and discipline over the economy and over what it regards as excessive forms of dissent. Now it will demand a certain veneer of honesty in its administration, perhaps even a little more equity. But it is no more likely to trade in the power of the President or the police than it was prone, in the year 1900, to scrap the railroads, the water systems, and the steel mills.

I WISH KAPLAN had been harder on Steffens as reporter and on the press in general. There is something in the nature of the American press that tends to reflect rather than illuminate, and Steffens, for all his efforts to find a platform unfettered by unsympathetic editors and capitalist publishers, shared these flaws. Kaplan does brilliantly with Steffens's contradictions as a man and as a political advocate. (Steffens sometimes spoke about muckraking himself.) But every reporter also operates with certain assumptions about what constitutes normative political behavior, if not the good society. And the more "objective" he tries to be, the more likely those assumptions will remain concealed. Against what should a reporter (or a biographer or a historian) measure the corruption of the big-city machines in the year 1900? What assumptions is the press making now about corruption and honest government? Steffens clearly represented the disenchantment of a generation raised in small towns with the promise of cities. The journalists of Watergate, it seems to me, represent the disillusionment of a generation of liberals with the possibilities of Washington and national power. But isn't there a major story in the expectations and the disillusionment itself? Perhaps if each generation had better understood what the country wanted, we could all have achieved it at a lower price. □

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 6

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. *Answer on page 64.*

I F X O F I F X U F Z
Q F S S V X B X S A C V
E B R U F K B N S B X F
S B K U R Z A L B I U V
E A T S L X A R U F C V
D U A Z V X F Z T B R P O B R.
I F T N B D V D U V C F S B V N

(*Continued from page 37.*)
from Helsinki to Maarianhamina, capital of Aland Islands. Ferry ride to island.

Go Wine-Tasting in Daphnē, Greece—evening wine-tasting festival from mid-August to end of September in Daphnē, forty minutes from Athens (two dollars by taxi). Barrels of wine are scattered among olive and pine trees. All you can taste of seventy-odd varieties of local grape juice for $1.50. Folklore and Greek entertainment, dancing in open-air nightclubs. Lots of feta cheese, moussaka, and olives at mealtime.

Take a Bath in Turkey—over nine hundred spas and thousands of baths in Turkey. In Istanbul visit the historic Cagaloglu Hamam, built in sixteenth century by a famous pasha. A two-to-three-hour treatment (for $3.50), includes massage and rubdown, sweating it out on a multicolored marble floor once used by King Edward VIII and Franz Liszt, cooling off in a cubicle topped with a dainty cupola, while wrapped in Turkish towels. Overnight at Tarabya Hotel, $20 double, dine at seaside restaurant for $3, including wine.

Bathe in the Black Sea—Bulgaria's Riviera stretches 120 sandy miles, set against hills covered with vineyards and orchards. Two well-known resorts, Zlatni Pyassatsi (Golden Sands) and Slunchev Byrag (Sunny Beach), offer bungalow-to-high-rise hotel accommodations. A week-and-a-half, first class, averages $160, with full board. Concerts; gambling; folk taverns; restaurants featuring fish roasted on a tile, local kebabs and wines; boat rides along the Black Sea; wine-tasting excursions. Albena, the newest resort, ten miles from Golden Sands, has ultra-modern hotel, nightclub on a boat. An hour-and-a-quarter flight (sixteen dollars), from Sofia to Varna, the port city for the Riviera.

Barely Get By in Solaris, Yugoslavia—Sunbathers International organizes two-week tours ($799, all included) to the holiday village of Solaris, near the town of Porec on the Adriatic coast. Guests admitted nude or clothed. All rooms with private bath or shower and balcony. Nearby Lanterna Dancing Terraces, discothèque, nightclub. Tennis, canoes, sports equipment available. Regular bus service to Porec. See Roman ruins, temples and mosaics, baroque palaces, and Venetian-style houses. Walk through pine groves and swim in clear sea. Don't dress for dinner. □

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Two From the Isles

THE THREE ARROWS & THE SERVANTS AND THE SNOW: TWO PLAYS
by Iris Murdoch
Viking, 221 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by Vivian Mercier

It's now twenty years since Iris Murdoch published her first novel, *Under the Net,* to considerable acclaim. Fourteen other novels have succeeded it, only one of which, *The Red and the Green,* I have managed to read to the end. As Miss Murdoch turns her admittedly skilled hand to the drama, a new form for her, it's about time I asked myself why she leaves me so consistently unmoved. Part of the answer will be found in this fairly typical speech from *The Red and the Green:*

"I know this can never be mended or forgiven or even explained. But I think I regret it more than anything that has ever happened to me. If you had given me the least hint, I would have been eternally patient. I most bitterly regret not having been alone when you came, and I shall regret it forever." Millie spoke softly, but very slowly and clearly.

What has happened? Is a Victorian virgin apologizing to a titled suitor because he found her having tea with the curate when he came to propose? Far from it. Millie, a supposedly passionate older woman, is begging forgiveness from a young Irish volunteer, with whom she is allegedly in love, because on the eve of Easter 1916 he has found her in bed with (horrors!) a British officer. Millie's love life began with sibling incest, we are told, and has lived up to its beginning.

In the light of this muted outburst—inburst, rather—of passion and grief, I marvel at the gall of the blurb writer who says, "The dazzling and fateful interplay of wit and character and idea and action which has magicked so many readers of Iris Murdoch's novels is ideally suited to theater as well." In a novel, one might conceivably get away with characters who swallow their emotions, but on the stage. . . ?

Actually, though they failed to magic me, these plays are better than one might have expected, given the fact that they are both melodramas of intrigue, with large casts and a correspondingly large number of twists in their plots. The last scene of each contains as many reversals as the ending of *Hamlet,* but in each case the score is two dead bodies to Shakespeare's four.

The Three Arrows, set in the imperial palace of an imagined medieval Japan, has scenes of almost Wildean wit and gaiety: Its hero, however, is a political prisoner. Yorimitsu's followers are too few to rescue him but too many to allow either the emperor's or the shogun's faction to kill him with impunity. Yorimitsu's program is a liberal one; in the end he escapes to try to put it into practice. Basil, the protagonist of *The Servants and the Snow,* is also an upper-class liberal, but his kind treatment of his serfs in some nineteenth-century Ruritania results in nothing but disaster. If, as the blurb says, "Both plays are parables of political, romantic, and intellectual truth," then the political truth of one parable directly contradicts that of the other.

The Servants and the Snow is, I hope, the earlier of the plays; certainly it is the weaker in every way. Any play that includes a gypsy in its cast—and one named Patrice, to boot—has a lot to live down, even when not burdened by dialogue like this, from Maxim, the young rebel: "I reject your old blind justice just as much as I reject his meaningless authority. The whole situation here makes me sick to my soul. . . ." To which Peter Jack (half Catholic, half Calvinist?) replies, "You're young, Maxim, and you want things to be perfect, but human beings aren't made for perfection. We have very little goodness in our hearts and yet we have to live with each other." On the whole, I prefer Murdoch when she is improvising the Unchanging Wisdom of the East (Fortune Cookie Division) in the other play. Father Akita, "an old Zen teacher," opines: "Most of what we think about death is an illusion. But it is a great sign. It signifies the vanity of all earthly striving." Not to be outdone, Yorimitsu answers: "I know. But no young man can see this. I can't see it any more than I can see that I am going to die."

Better than all this instant wisdom, though, is the campy chitchat of the emperor and his courtiers, who call chess "that horribly intellectual Chinese game" and take delight in a well-turned haiku or love letter. Perhaps, I thought to myself, Murdoch's true vein is comedy rather than the melodrama aspiring to be tragedy that she achieves in these plays and in her later novels—if *The Red and the Green* is in fact typical. Accordingly, I read *Under the Net* for the first time and enjoyed it, up to a point. It isn't as funny as a novel dedicated to Raymond Queneau ought to be, however. Two of its anti-hero's favorite books are Beckett's *Murphy* and Queneau's *Pierrot mon ami* (in 1954, already!), but *Under the Net* doesn't self-destruct with all the tough, witty explosiveness of those tragi-comic masterpieces. (By the way, Queneau's latest, *The Flight of Icarus,* was recently published by New Directions at $7.50; Barbara Wright has done another of her felicitous translations.)

If James Donaghue took himself as seriously as Murphy does, or if his hanger-on, Finn, took himself as serio-comically as Pierrot does, *Under the Net* might have been a masterpiece also. But Jake and Finn are always collapsing in howls of laughter. Unlike Beckett, Murdoch has failed to learn the lesson of Buster Keaton. Yeats warned us that Hamlet and Lear, "If worthy their prominent part in the play,/Do not break up their lines to weep." Likewise the comic hero does not break up his lines to laugh: What seems ludicrous to us is life and death to him. The same with the tragic hero: He doesn't weep because he is too involved in his own plight to stand back and enjoy the luxury of being sentimental over it. Either Millie and Yorimitsu and Basil aren't in earnest, or, more likely, their creator doesn't take them seriously enough. It's an understandable attitude in a philosopher—Iris Murdoch used to teach philosophy at Oxford—but if you want to be a novelist or a dramatist, ma'am, you can't afford to seem so bloody detached. Don't feel you have to be so relentlessly clever all the time, either. Be content to be boring once in a while, like George Eliot or Doris Lessing. □

Vivian Mercier is professor of English and comparative literature at the University of Colorado; his most recent book is A Reader's Guide to the New Novel: From Queneau to Pinget.

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Trade Winds

by William Cole

Busy Poet

Charles Simic is a Yugoslavian-born poet in his thirties who has a strong following in the colleges, where he has given many readings. He had four books published by small presses and then was taken up by George Braziller, a publisher who does right by poetry. His second Braziller book, *Return to a Place Lit by a Glass of Water,* is out in cloth and paper this month. Here's a poem he titles "Solitude":

There now, where the first crumb
Falls from the table
You think no one hears it
As it hits the floor

But somewhere already
The ants are putting on
Their Quakers' hats
And setting out to visit you.

Her Own Thing

Carol Hill is a young woman novelist who's off in left field doing her own thing. No *kvetching* about the diapers and the dishes for her; she's into heady stuff, and I don't know what the hell it's all about, but I'm sure *she* does. Her second novel, *Let's Fall in Love,* comes from Random House on April 5. It's certainly a novel novel, for it includes reproductions of news stories from *The New York Times,* photographs, recipes, a couple of different typefaces, learned philosophical references, randy excerpts from *Fanny Hill, My Secret Life,* and some raunchy stuff of her own. And, as somebody remarks, "All narrative does not necessarily come in a line." The settings are various parts of Italy, London, Switzerland, and God knows where all, and the main characters (that *is* the word I want) are a duo of sophisticated private eyes, two supremely gorgeous women, a fat priest who cooks, and an arch-villain named Silverstein who owns a luminous submarine. They all seem to be entangled in murder, robbery, high-class whoring, and general obfuscation. There's fun, too; one character, an American Negro in Rome, introduces himself at parties with: "Hi, I'm an American Negro. My name is Victor." Some books have a kind of tag at the end indicating where it was written or finished. This usually says something like "Cap d'Antibes, 1972" or a setting equally glamorous. Miss Hill's fillip: "Coney Island, May 18, 1973."

The Metropolitan Mess

Now we have a book that really clarifies all that mess at the Metropolitan Museum of Art two years ago. The daily newspaper revelations at that time got too muddled to follow. John L. Hess, a veteran journalist, who has been until recently the witty and well-palated food writer for *The New York Times,* clarifies the mess on March 27 with *The Grand Acquisitors* (Houghton Mifflin). He tells what was "de-accessioned" for a pittance and what was bought for a bundle: "When the museum sells to dealers, it gets wholesale prices, while when it buys from dealers, it pays retail prices. Buy dear, sell cheap." Thomas P. F. Hoving gets a merciless drubbing and is called "a man who could make hay in a downpour." The book reads like a streak, and the only thing that grated on me was the use, twice, of that awful word *opined.*

Another President and Garbage

You read about it in the papers: the college president who took two months off to experience what it was like being a ditchdigger, a short-order cook, and a garbage collector. So naturally there's a book: *Blue-Collar Journal* by President John R. Coleman of Haverford College (Lippincott, April 3). Good stuff, and not at all condescending. He makes some nice observations, such as "No man in a business suit ever reads employment ads in public." And he learned quite a bit—for example, how to make a club sandwich that holds together so that the customer doesn't complain to the waitress, "I didn't order a toast salad." When you read what he says about being president, you wonder why he doesn't go back to pulling garbage:

Organization charts show the president of a college on top, just a step below the financial angels. In actuality, a president is at the center of a web of conflicting interest groups, none of which can ever be fully satisfied. He is, by definition, almost always wrong. If he spends much time meeting with students, he is neglecting the faculty. If he spends much time with the faculty, he is being dictated to by them. If he is off campus, he should be back minding the store. If he is on campus, he should be out raising money. If he pushes his pet educational thoughts, he is trying to run the show. If he doesn't, he is not interested enough in education. If he changes his mind on an issue, he is wishy-washy. If he doesn't, he is pigheaded. If his name isn't in the paper, he is letting the school down. If it is, he is a publicity hound. If he smiles a lot, he is naive on the problems of the school. If he frowns, he has given up too soon. It's all very interesting, and not hard to take once he gets over wanting to be right and settles instead for doing the best he can.

Oversight

Some issues back I ran a little "verse aid" about the pronunciation of Anthony Powell's last name. But I overlooked something; his *first* name is done that English way, too. Now two readers come up with clever help. Helen Harman sends:

The verse devised by Mr. Cole/ Was adequate concerning Powell./But may his fooyung all be Cantony/He quite neglected aid for Anthony.

And from Jocelyn Classey:

Indeed he's English as a Dover sole/Your witty upperclassman author Powell/And so, forbid in prose to roar and rant on, he/ Shuns the bow-wow strain, does Anthony. □

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Books in Brief

"How's Business?" "Don't Ask": Tales From the Garment Center
by Leonard S. Bernstein
E. P. Dutton, 192 pp., $6.95

Mr. Bernstein's tales derive from the conventional wisdom of the New York garment center, an assortment of well-founded superstitions, homilies, and unwritten laws, put about with enchanting bluntness by such as the bosses and the cutters. The trouble with Mr. Bernstein's book is that it deals slickly, and often irritatingly, with the garment center. There is humor here, but it is a cheaper sort than it ought to be, given the scope and the drama of a phenomenon like the garment center. It is the sort of place that naturally invites caricature, but the wheelers and dealers of the garment center are complicated men, and a book about their world deserves better than a few debased Yiddishisms. No doubt one should not fault a book for its intended scope; on the other hand, there are levels of slightness to which no work should aspire. There are, to be sure, some redeeming moments, notable among them a section that details the contributions of the Wharton business school graduate to the family garment business, but these are too few to offset the irritations aroused by a familiar note of glibness here. Rather like an intellectual nightclub act, Mr. Bernstein's contributions to the lore of the garment center are urbane and snappy—a fitting tone for many things, no doubt, but not for the brooding wit of the garment center.

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The Last Butterfly
by Michael Jacot
Bobbs-Merrill, 221 pp., $6.95

Mr. Jacot has constructed a harsh novel from historical fact. In occupied Czechoslovakia of World War II, the Nazis find a down-at-the-heels entertainer whose half-Jewish ancestry is sufficient to make him a candidate for Terezin, the concentration camp near Prague and, for most of those who arrived there, the last stop before Auschwitz. Terezin was in fact designed by the Nazis for the benefit of Red Cross visitors and similar dignitaries as a showplace of the concentration camps, a model intended to refute the world's suspicion that the Nazis intended anything but humane "resettlement" for the Jewish populations. To that end, "resettled" Jewish artists were made to perform for specially selected visitors from the outside world—among them Adolf Eichmann, who came to inspect the model camp. There was, therefore, concentrated in Terezin, a large number of the gifted and the distinguished. Painters, singers, musicians—they came to the same end as everyone else in the transports to Auschwitz. For their art, they had been especially selected to live and to perform for a time, the one and final uniqueness their murderers would yield them in a system devoted to mass annihilation. Of the 140,000 who actually came through Terezin to Auschwitz, 15,000 were children. One hundred children survived. Of the adults, 1300 remained. The drama Mr. Jacot constructs around Terezin centers upon the clown's acceptance of the role the Nazis conferred upon him, for they intended that the entertainer should lull the children's fears and move them as quietly as possible onto the transports, to their death. Instead, he effects a spiritual reversal of sorts. For by means of his art, he makes the children laugh and come alive again, if only for a short time. Mr. Jacot's achievement here is considerable, and it is of a complex sort. Historical facts overwhelm the novel, and psychological reversals are not enough: One knows the fate to which the children were going (even as they did), and beside that knowledge, the spiritual drama of a man shrinks. Nonetheless, there is deftness and economy in Mr. Jacot's characterizations, and a sense of dread of such immediacy as to render the novel all too memorable.

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Ways of Loving
by Brendan Gill
Harcourt Brace Jovanovich
320 pp., $7.95

There is a tone of unvarying wonder in Brendan Gill's prose; it is the voice of a man uncovering a marvel in the simplest behavior, in the look of a room or a street. It is a tone of a sort that can have its dangers in the wrong hands, so close can that wonder come to ingenuousness. It can, on the other hand, be an extraordinarily effective instrument for inducing interest of an almost irrational kind. In the eighteen sketches and the two novellas here, there is scarcely any falling off in Mr. Gill's capacity to make a story proposition dramatic. "The Malcontents" (a novella) and "Fat Girl" (a longish short story) are perhaps the best of them, but there is remarkably little in this long collection that falls short of these. Mr. Gill deals with upper-class boredom in "The Malcontents" and with its humanness as well; he knows the meaning of the class structure in life, but the drama that engages him is that of personality. The drama of idiosyncrasy is everywhere: in the mysteriously appealing overweight secretary ("Fat Girl"), in the stubborn resilience of an old man born to wealth and made poor by the years ("Last Things"). There is a good deal of sentimentality throbbing away in Mr. Gill, but it is the best sort: the kind that is served up in prose of a stunning urbanity and thus happily slipped by. So sustained and literate a collection does not come by every season.

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Enormous Changes at the Last Minute
by Grace Paley
Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 198 pp., $6.95

Mrs. Paley's new collection is a far cry from the first and memorable *Little Disturbances of Man*. In the intervening time, a tough wit has given way to archness, and coherence has yielded to obscurantism. There has always been a strident ethnicity to her work, and in this regard, happily, her voice has not changed; Mrs. Paley has one of the best ears going for dialect of the inward kind, the sort of thing that confers a painful vitality on stories like "Faith in the Afternoon" or "A Conversation With My Father." These excellent works aside, it is clear in this collection that Mrs. Paley's art has been given over almost entirely to politicized themes and situations, in a fashion that is all too familiar. It is one that appears to have been nurtured in those pleasant regions of political society where one is exposed regularly to the agreement of comrades and partisans, a region in which one becomes habituated to the conveniences of a shared frame of reference. It is not the best sort of nourishment for writing: Undoubtedly, that or similar nurtur-

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ing accounts for lines like "She suffered her own Indonesia." With the exceptions noted, it would appear, from this collection at least, that an extraordinarily good writer has left off the business of story making and has offered in its place a sort of sociological shorthand—and this, in tones which make clear that when one is beset by the apocalyptic vision, the ordinary lives of men and women are beside the point, and there can be neither shape nor coherence to events in those lives. Mrs. Paley is not the first writer—nor will she be the last—to have proved, if proof were still needed, that progressive politics, which advances so many estimable causes, is a downright heavy burden on the art of fiction.

•

CHOOSING OUR KING
by Michael Novak
Macmillan, 324 pp., $7.95

Mr. Novak has a knack for being timely. When ethnic consciousness began its rise, Mr. Novak was there with *The Rise of the Unmeltable Ethnics*. Now he has produced a thoughtful and informing book on the nature of the presidency as it is experienced by Americans. There is something remarkably winning in a sensibility that yields as much regard for the subjects of its scrutiny as Mr. Novak's does. His subject is the American electorate and its response to the presidency as a reflection of itself. But what is best about Mr. Novak is, as usual, his capacity to communicate an impassioned sense of American diversity. There are, in addition, keenly observed portraits of Richard Nixon, George Wallace, and George McGovern; they are the works of a hard-headed intelligence, combined with a generously disposed imagination—an imagination that resists the politically fashionable demonologies of the Right and the Left. If Mr. Novak's prose is not as restrained as one would wish, it is, nonetheless, an immensely readable one, an apt vehicle for an estimable work.

•

PROUD ZION
by Hans Habe
Bobbs-Merrill, 287 pp., $7.95

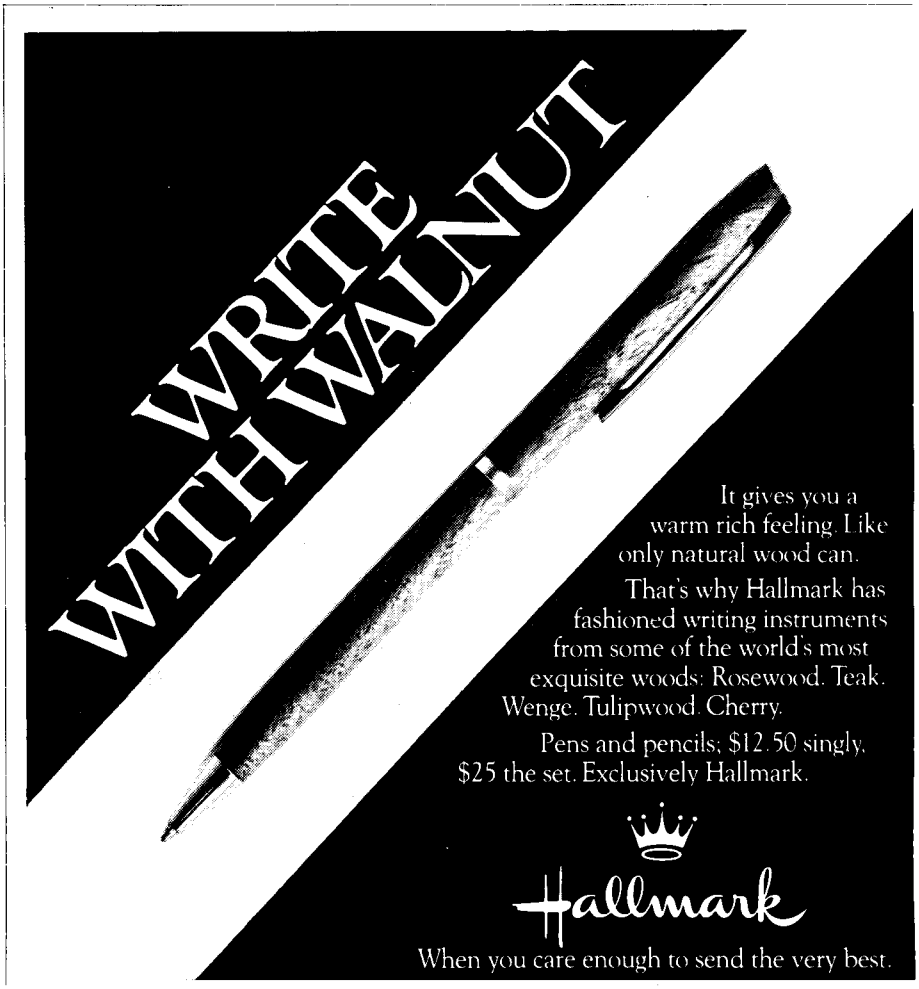
Combining the form of both the travel journal and the political essay, Mr. Habe has put together a work of considerable drama. Neither the modern travel journal —if there were such a thing—nor the political essay are notable vehicles for the drama, but Mr. Habe's affecting and frequently sharp-tongued travels through modern Israel derive their momentum from an internal source. Mr. Habe is impatient with the world's various hypocrisies with regard to Israel, and that impatience (or, more precisely, loathing) informs most of his observations with a pungency rarely found in the literature of travel. It is a book written before the October war and before the spectacle of Europe's capitulation to all the demands of the Arab sheikhdom; there is somber entertainment in reading Mr. Habe's work in light of that knowledge and in measuring the exactitude of his scornful observations on the young Left (particularly in Germany) and on the intellectual Left in general. It is the sort of work that gives timely books a good name, a tour de force of bitter intelligence.

•

CHRISTMAS EVE: THIRTEEN STORIES
by Maeve Brennan
Scribner's, 244 pp., $7.95

Whether expended upon an exclusive community in upstate New York or on working-class Dublin, Miss Brennan's is a superb and energetic craft. What must rank as the best here are the stories of Herbert's Retreat, where Miss Brennan, who is a specialist at handling the delicate relations of the servant class to the marginal society types they serve, permits her characters to uncoil with all the force that a splenetic imagination can summon. There is a dark lack of sentiment in Miss Brennan's view of these relations, and the fictional life shaped by that view is a cruel, waspish one. There is, further, a terrible sort of satisfaction to be gotten from the stories, for a punishment invariably befalls those who best deserve it, a punishment that is as spiteful—and sometimes as cheaply ironic—as they themselves are. In the most sharply drawn of the stories, "The Servants' Dance," the maids at Herbert's Retreat import New York City policemen and firemen for a ball of sorts, an event to which the maids' employers come to gawk and to play. Here, as elsewhere in the stories, there is contrivance, but it is the best possible sort of fiction: the sort that yields a sense of surprise, and that possibility of continuing surprise, which makes for distinguished fiction.

DOROTHY RABINOWITZ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Curmudgeon-at-Large

by Cleveland Amory

The other day we read an article by John M. Lee in *The New York Times* in a section called "The Economic Scene." We just love reading about the economic scene—if only all the people who write about the economy would practice it, we'd have inflation and shortages and everything else licked in no time.

Anyway, this article was terrific. "Amid the talk of resource shortages," it said, "it is gratifying to recall that no country—except possibly the Soviet Union—is as well endowed with natural resources as we are."

That surely was "gratifying" all right, to know that we're as "well endowed" as—well, the next fellow. Nature had blessed us, apparently, even if the Dow Jones hadn't. But the article went on. "The United States," it said, "is the largest producer of corn, oil, coal, soybeans, copper, natural gas, cotton, aluminum, oranges, magnesium, and tomatoes."

Well, sir, one thing at a time. Start with that oil. And we always thought the Arabs had all the oil. Maybe we were taking a lot of Arab guff we didn't have to take, after all. Anyway, we decided to check on that *Times* bird. And do you know what we found out? We found out that if we were going to be gratified, we'd better damn well be quick about it, because, in just two years, just one li'l ol' Arab country, Saudi Arabia, will be producing *twice* as much oil as we will be. And we beg of you, don't even *think* of looking at those "proven oil reserves" figures. They'll give you apoplexy. We will tell you, though, the figures for just Saudi and us and see if you can handle that: U.S. proven oil reserves: 36 billion barrels. Saudi Arabia: *138* billion barrels.

AFTER THAT, you can understand why we were a shade nervous about being gratified about another item on that *Times* list—natural gas. Maybe, we decided, they were talking about a different *kind* of natural gas. You know—like they have in Washington or on those TV talk shows. Surely no one has more of *that* than the good old U.S. of us.

"Sir, I think we've met our Watergate."

All in all, we decided that we'd better be gratified about only the items on that list we could be sure of. Corn, for one. If there ever was a country that had corn coming out of—you will pardon the expression—its ears, well, that just *had* to be us. Even if you don't count all the corny people, you've got to count corny jokes. And you really ought to count those salutes in the middle of football games. And Texas and Lawrence Welk and—well, it just goes on and on. Yes, corn we'll buy. But there's still a nagging question. How are we on pone?

Last but not least, there's the final item on that list—tomatoes. We'll try to be gratified, and we'll even admit that we've got 'em, all right. But what's the use of our having so many if we can't say anything about them? These days it's worth your life to call a tomato a tomato. They just don't like it. You have to call them —well, we honestly don't know. Maybe it's warm, squeezable persons.

WASHINGTON REPORT—As located by B. Block of New York, in *The New York Times:*

WASHINGTON, D.C. (AP)—President Nixon issued an executive order today to permit all of the federal agencies and offices to start using a colorful emblem publicizing the two-hundredth anniversary of the nation's foundering.

Well, at least no one's trying to sweep it under the carpet.

ADD AD DEPT.—As noted by Mrs. Jack Rollins of Sun City, Arizona, in the local paper:

DIVORCE forces sale of complete houseful of very beautiful furniture. Examples, eight-foot Herculon sofa and love seat, bearly used.

Just as long as they kept them away during hibernation.

POLICE CALL—As monitored by James Storey in the Lubbock, Texas, *News:*

OAKLAND, Calif. (UPI)—Patrolman Jon Willette was examining a weapon he seized during a search, and it discharged in his patrol cruiser.

Police officials said Willette was not wounded but he used foul language on the police radio. He was suspended for five years.

What did they expect him to do—use blanks? □

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World Environment Newsletter

PREPARED BY PHILIP W. QUIGG FOR THE INTERNATIONAL INSTITUTE FOR ENVIRONMENT AND DEVELOPMENT

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Growth, Equity, and the Environment

Does a community have the right to limit its growth? In the United States the question is likely to be carried to the Supreme Court; the answer may fundamentally affect our society, for the question is central to our concepts of equity, private property, environmental protection, and quality of life.

The issue is already in the courts. A federal judge recently ruled unconstitutional an ordinance voted by referendum in the city of Petaluma, California, restricting new housing starts to 500 a year. The city, said the court, "is violating peoples' constitutional rights to travel and live wherever they wish."

In its legal battle against four land and real-estate developers, Petaluma was assisted financially by 250 other communities that shared the goal of "orderly, controlled growth, consistent with the city's capacity to provide the necessary utilities." The judge ruled that every city must take its fair share of the population explosion. Petaluma could reply that since 1960 its population had more than doubled, from 14,000 to 30,000—somewhat more than its fair share.

When cast in terms of quality of life versus developers, the issue seems simple. But, of course, it is one of the most difficult dilemmas that contemporary societies face: How to restrain growth and protect the environment without being exclusionary, how to wed middle-class concern for the quality of life in exurbia with regard for the welfare of the inner city?

Petaluma is not the first community to limit building permits, and for decades zoning has had the effect of excluding the poor in many places. Municipal purchase of land for greenbelts, which is often cheaper than providing water and sewers to developments, also tends to drive up land prices. Although Petaluma took the precaution of setting aside 10 percent of its limited permits for low- and moderate-income housing, in fact, none was built because the restriction on permits created an artificial scarcity of land.

Thus in the Petaluma case the developers find themselves with strange bedfellows—people who believe neither in growth per se, nor in the unlimited sanctity of private property, nor in the obligation of municipalities to provide utilities to every developer whether or not he serves a social good. But until means are found to control growth in more equitable ways, egalitarians must feel concern about the unqualified right of communities to impose restrictions that have the effect of keeping the poor in urban ghettos.

Many suggestions have been made for ways to lessen the inequitable consequences of measures that may be environmentally desirable. One is a regional tax base covering a city or urban complex to the outer limits of its suburbs; revenues then would be shared among all government units, but more money would go to those jurisdictions with lower assessed valuation. Another is a state requirement that provision for public housing (which is generally unpopular) be attached to referenda for open space or other measures that have the effect of increasing housing costs or restricting employment opportunity. Whether or not these proposals are politically viable or the best conceivable, it will become increasingly clear to nations as well as to communities that the environment cannot be enhanced piecemeal, that the quality of life is ultimately indivisible.

Global Report

Nairobi—The second meeting of the Governing Council of the U.N. Environment Program is being held here this month, watched over by representatives of scores of non-governmental organizations still looking for a role to play in coordination with UNEP.

Among the items on the council's agenda is a program "to foster dialogue and cooperation between the United Nations and international industry in dealing with environmental issues." Heading the program is Charles S. Dennison, a retired American executive with extensive overseas experience in a variety of major industries. He is organizing policy consultations and technical workshops with representatives of eight industries: petroleum, motor vehicles, iron and steel, metal processing, chemicals and pharmaceuticals, pulp and paper, agribusiness, and recreation and tourism.

Oslo—By the end of this year Norway is expected to be self-sufficient in oil, and soon thereafter the country will have a substantial surplus. Moreover, because the Norwegians voted to stay out of the Common Market, they do not have to share their oil with any other country and can establish their own rules for exploiting the resources to be found in their quadrant of the North Sea.

Norwegian law states that "resources on the Norwegian continental shelf are the common property of the Norwegian people" and that "extracted petroleum shall be landed in Norway unless the king, upon application, consents to another landing place."

This enviable condition of riches and independence is flawed by one geological fact: Between Norway and its richest oil field, nearly halfway to the English coast, lies a trench so deep that pipelines cannot be laid across it. Therefore, the Norwegian government has consented "to another landing place" in Britain, but with the firm understanding that any or all of the oil arriving there may be shipped back to Norway, even if the United Kingdom should be in a state of war or other national emergency.

Kuala Lumpur—Malaysia is perhaps typical of developing countries that now have enough industry to cause serious pollution problems. The worst offenders here are sawmills. Early this year, Mr. Michael Chen, who has the title of special functions minister in charge of energy and environment, announced that, unless sawmills installed anti-pollution devices, their licenses would not be renewed.

A journalist traveling with the minister to three major sawmills reported that "residents have been living in semi-permanent smog for the past four years." Although windows of houses were sealed, "families were fighting a losing battle against sawdust and smoke."

Spokesmen for a food-processing plant, a steel company, and a brewery led a chorus of industrialists protesting the threatened implementation of anti-pollution laws, which have not, so far, been enforced. They said a delay of a year to eighteen months was necessary in order for them to buy and to install equipment. But a leading foreign manufacturer of anti-pollution equipment, who was exhibiting his products in Kuala Lumpur, reported that sales have been negligible.

Anchorage, Alaska—One of the devices used to minimize damage to the

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tundra during construction of the Alaska pipeline will be a vehicle using huge cylindrical air bags instead of wheels. Power is transferred to the cylinders by rollers. The vehicle is said to have proved itself on all kinds of unstable ground, including loose sand and powdered snow. The Rolligon, developed by Bechtel, looks like a Daliesque version of a steamroller.

Bremerhaven—One hundred miles northwest of here a giant platform will be erected next summer, not to drill for oil, but to function as a scientific laboratory and the focal point of an experimental grid of North Sea and Baltic measuring stations. Its foundation will be set in 100 feet of water, and its tower will rise 165 feet above the sea.

Built under the aegis of the German Ministry of Research and Technology, the station will relay data from seven automatic measuring buoys to the hydrographical institute, the meteorological service, and its flood-warning department. It will provide other kinds of oceanological data to research facilities along the coast, and its crew of six, plus as many as sixteen scientists, will serve as an environmental inspectorate in the North Sea.

Elk River, Minnesota—Scientists from the University of Minnesota have been testing a scheme for reducing thermal pollution from power plants and improving agricultural production at the same time. The heated water, which must be cooled before it is recycled through the plant, is run through pipes buried at a depth of one foot in fields used for truck gardening. The warmth imparted to the soil has extended the growing season by months and, in some cases, has permitted two crops a year instead of one.

Stockholm—A survey of 1100 lakes in the vicinity has shown that 80 are dead and 100 are dying, according to the Stockholm County Council. Actually, samples were taken from only 460 lakes; the balance were adjudged to be in good health on the basis of aerial photography. The council has set a schedule for cleaning up the lakes but has not indicated how it will be done.

Cologne—What purports to be a far more effective contraceptive foam than any previously available has been extensively tested here at Women's Hospital and is now being marketed under the trade name Patentex Oval. According to Prof. Herbert Brehm, head physician at the hospital, not a single living spermatozoon was found in 100 women who used the oval during intercourse.

For women who are unable or unwilling to use hormone contraception (the Pill) and for the 25 to 60 percent of women who give it up for one reason or another, this new vaginal contraceptive may be the best alternative. Dr. Brehm asserts that the oval, which melts and changes to a foam at body temperature, is "100 percent safe" and is effective for more than two hours. His findings were recently presented to a medical congress in Munich.

Kigali, Rwanda—This impoverished country has, among its burdens, the deadliest species of tsetse fly, which not only preys on cattle but also is fatal to humans unless the disease that it causes is treated early. The tsetse-fly belt extends into a region of northern Rwanda where the International Development Association (IDA), an affiliate of the World Bank, is financing a major agricultural project to increase food, cash crops, and livestock production through organized farming and collective ranching. If the project is to be successful, obviously the tsetse fly must be eradicated, and about $100,000 of the fifty-year, interest-free loan of $3.8 million will be devoted to this purpose. A feasibility study will be conducted to see whether the tsetse fly can be completely eliminated from the country.

Paris—Now that many countries have enacted major legislation on air, water, and soil pollution, action has passed from legislatures to the courts. But enforcement is difficult. In France, where government has not been noted for its anti-pollution vigor, an interesting report has been sent by the minister of justice to all the local attorneys general. It includes a statistical breakdown of all pollution convictions in France in 1972.

"Noise emissions by various vehicles" accounted for the largest number of convictions (41,287). The next largest group was 13,820 convictions for air pollution from vehicles, and there were 11,250 for abandoned automobiles. Altogether, three quarters of the total involved cars and trucks. In addition, soil pollution brought 18,996 convictions, while pollution of inland and coastal waters accounted for only 359.

In an attached note, the minister synthesized some observations made by the attorneys general (*procureurs generaux*). These included reports of industrialists' threats to cease production if they were required to install anti-pollution equipment. In an enumeration of technical and administrative obstacles to improved enforcement, it was said that penalties—mostly fines and a few suspended prison sentences—were not severe enough to constitute effective deterrents.

Environment Gets Most of Marshall Fund Grants

Twenty-one months ago Chancellor Willy Brandt announced a gift to the American people in commemoration of the Marshall Plan and in gratitude that defeated Germany was included. By this winter the German Marshall Fund of the United States, with $3.7 million a year to spend, was in business. The first grants, though representing only a fraction of the total available, were predominantly in the field of environment.

The Conservation Foundation received $500,000 to study land-use policy and practice in foreign countries and to assess their applicability to the United States. The countries chosen for examination were Australia, France, Germany, Israel, Japan, Mexico, the Netherlands, the United Kingdom, and possibly Canada and Norway.

The National Center for Resource Recovery received a smaller grant for the purpose of exploring with one or two other countries the utility of developing working alliances "for the purpose of transferring managerial and technical knowledge within the field of solid-waste resource recovery."

As part of the preparation for the World Food Conference in November, the Brookings Institution, with Marshall Fund support, is investigating alternative arrangements for maintaining an adequate world food supply.

With former EPA Administrator William D. Ruckelshaus as chief consultant, the fund is also evaluating the feasibility of creating a major international private environmental trust fund to stimulate and coordinate corporate and foundation giving. The U.N. Environment Program will be closely consulted.

Yet another study will examine "communications linkages" between top political and managerial leaders in eight U.S. and foreign cities that have been especially innovative in providing essential urban services.

Finally, the Marshall Fund administrators plan to bring together leading experts in population and related fields for discussions with reporters assigned to cover the U.N. World Population Conference in Bucharest next August.

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Freud and Monty O.

CINDERELLA LAMINATED SHIMS, INC.
83 Wacker Drive
Chicago, Ill. 60612

Feb. 5, 1974

Dear Leo:

Well, chum, this missive, to be absolutely frank and honest about it, is the idea of my wife, "Flo" (who you never had the pleasure of meeting). And here is why. Our next-door resident in Euphoria (the expansive suburb twenty-one miles from old Chi. that didn't even *exist* in your time here) is Montague O. Nayfish. Monty O. is a guy with lots of class and has made a pile of dough in Wigs—and is breaking new grounds with his "Nayfish System of Hair Weaving"—in which he weaves a persons own hair *right into that persons own scalp!* He has a cute slogan for that: "Here Today—Hair Tomorrow!" (I guess you can see that Monty O. isn't one of your run-off-the-mill Wiggos.)

Well, Monty O. has a real Hang-up about—guess what?? Psyco-analysis!!

So—can you send me and "Flo" some snappy answers to the type questions Monty and his fellow Psycos bat around? I mean—

1. What did Siegfried Freud actualy contribute (about cuckoo behavior)?
2. Do you yourself think Psyco-analysis has cured people of stuttering, Sex, fear of Super-Markets, and etc.?
3. Why do the customers have to lay down on a couch?
4. Why does the "Shrink" *hide behind that same couch?*
5. Are dreams and Sex all *that* important?! Leo, I don't mind telling you *I never* had any type Sex problem whatso-ever. (You can even ask "Flo," who certainly ought to know—ha!ha! She will back me up 100% if she's a day.)
6. Finaly, we keep getting our *ears* beat off by the Nayfish crowds yakking about "Nurotics" and "Psycotics." What does that jazz mean in a lay man's lingo?

That about raps it up. Now it's up to you, pal—and I know you will hit the bull's-eye with each answer!

Your friend,
Herman ("Herm") Klitcher

LEO ROSTEN
Modish Coiffures and Head Shrinking
94 Ambivalent Boulevard
Palmistry Beach, Fla.

Feb. 12, 1974

Dear "Herm":

Gosh, you certainly lead a rich, full life in Euphoria. (Is it near Grievance?)

Monty O. Nayfish is the kind of hair weaver *I* certainly would go to if I wanted my own hair woven into my own scalp. But to get right to your questions: There can be no doubt that Siegfried Freud contributed a *great* deal to psychology, while his brother, Sigmund, was wasting his time living it up with the jet set on the Italian Libido. Siegfried discovered the symbolic meaning of the zipper (envy on the part of men trying to close out that part of their problems). He also perfected a cure for spelling bees. But it was *Sigmund* who exposed the imaginary origin of hallucinations and the culinary aspects of nail-biting.

Psychoanalysis has been used with great success from pole to pole, Herm, although it has not been popular with other nationalities. The English, for example, will not even discuss flower beds with anyone in the medical profession.

The Swiss, for their part, pay no attention to Freud because they engage in sex only during the "r" months. The French, of course, sneer at analysis, because by the time he is eight any French schoolboy knows how to add, subtract, and multiply. As for the Germans, Herman, their ideas about sex are very orderly: They never indulge in it in front of household pets, which get nervous during a copulation explosion.

I don't know about the Chinese, who are an inscrutable people, or the Japanese, who shout "Banzai!" whenever they get excited. That sort of thing would complicate anyone's sex life. Every time a Japanese man shouts "Banzai!" his partner thinks the emperor is approaching. This means that a lot of sex in Japan takes place while the women are bowing.

You ask, "Why do psychoanalytic patients lie on couches?" (That is not the only time they lie, of course.) That is because analysts' offices are often located in their homes, for tax purposes. And since analysts live in high-rent neighborhoods, many patients get so pooped trying to park their cars that they come down with Parkinson's disease.

But, Herm, no analyst "hides" behind the couch. Analysts *lurk* behind the couch, say, in a chair that tilts back like a barber's. In this position a psychoanalyst is better situated to pursue his own free associations. What the whole psychoanalytic process boils down to is a mental Ping-Pong match between patient and doctor. The former free associates out loud, but the latter free associates in silence, so as not to confuse the former.

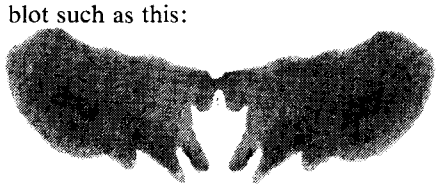
I was especially interested in your saying that you have no sex problems whatsoever. Keep up the good work, Herm!! (I am sure Flo will agree with that.)

You ask how *I* distinguish between neurotics and psychotics? That is easy. A *psychotic* is an out-and-out loon. He may think his mother is poisoning his yogurt, that his wife is planning to strangle him with noodles, or that we should flood Las Vegas with soda water. A *neurotic*, on the other hand, is afflicted by things like depressed cuticles, a fear of pistachio nuts, or underarm humidity.

Here are some clinical tests you can use, even in Euphoria:

1. *Salutation Test.* When you say "Hello" to a neurotic, he is likely to bridle, *"What do you mean by that?"* When you say "Hello" to a psychotic, he will go to the bathroom.

2. *Rorschach Test.* Show two subjects, male or female (or both), an inkblot such as this:



The subject who says, "That is a goddam inkblot!" is neurotic. The one who exclaims, "That is a Rorschach test, designed to trap me into revealing my fantasies about my mother's reticule!" is on the right track.

3. *Direct Interrogation.* I find out whether someone is neurotic or psychotic by asking him. The results are copacetic.

Your buddy,
Leo

P. S. What are laminated shims? □

Editor's Note: This contribution to man's knowledge of Man is a shortened version of one chapter in Dr. Rosten's latest opus, Dear "Herm"—With a Cast of Dozens *(McGraw-Hill).*

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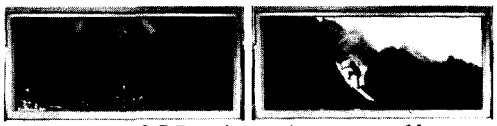

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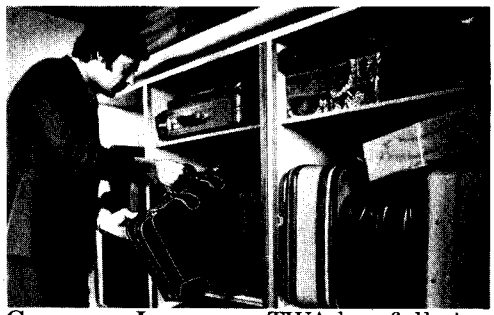

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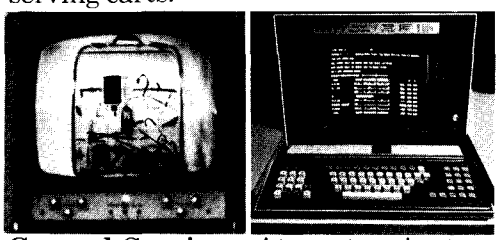

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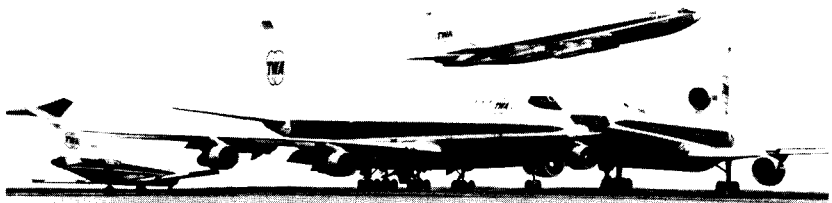

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Manner of Speaking

by John Ciardi

I Never Saw Kohoutek

I move that plus or minus twenty-seven TV newsmanglers and newspaper and magazine feature writers who labored to describe for me the impending glories and the clear visibility of Kohoutek be fired into irregular orbit without benefit of space suit and be left to trail their gases in outer space. These professional imbeciles, with all the mock assurance that is their professional substitute for information, announced to me that Kohoutek in December would be visible just before sunrise but dangerously close to the sun and too low on the horizon for good viewing. In January, however (so they went on to assure me), it would appear after sunset and rise high enough to light the sky like a full moon. As a reasonable man, I planned to be in Florida in January. I would wait for the glory in reason, Florida being a flat state with generous horizons.

There is, allow me to interpolate, a *time-in* the writing and a *time-of* the writing. In magazine publication the *time-in* may be taken as the time of composition; the *time-of*, as the time of publication. *SR/W* has a genially detached view of the difference between these two times. We are, after all, dealing with time on the scale of Kohoutek. At times, I confess, I grow restive about the delay between pen and press: There is always that illusion that the universe is waiting for me to finish writing so that it may know what to do next, and how is it to know its own turnings if my directions are delayed for weeks in the editorial process?

At such times I feed my ego three good things (each of which is an ounce of J. W. Dant bonded, 100-proof bourbon), whereupon it assures me that merit is timeless. "What have datelines to do with the eternal good?" it whispers, having downed its ration of *Lux et Veritas* (and thinking to wheedle from me another ration, which, as a civil and compassionate man, I am hard put to deny it).

Having, in this motion of civility and compassion, bombed my ego to sleep, I can say disinterestedly that the *time-in* this writing is January 10, that I am at the University of Florida as visiting professor for the winter quarter (Max Lerner is here, too, and though I haven't tracked him down yet, I will), and that Kohoutek is skidding away down a fizzled fissure of the southwestern sky. The *time-of* the writing—its publication date—is somewhere beyond, somewhere possibly on the other side of Kohoutek. I am not sure whether Kohoutek gets back here every 80,000 or every 800,000 years. What's one zero more or less between concepts? The *time-of* is somewhere between here and infinity.

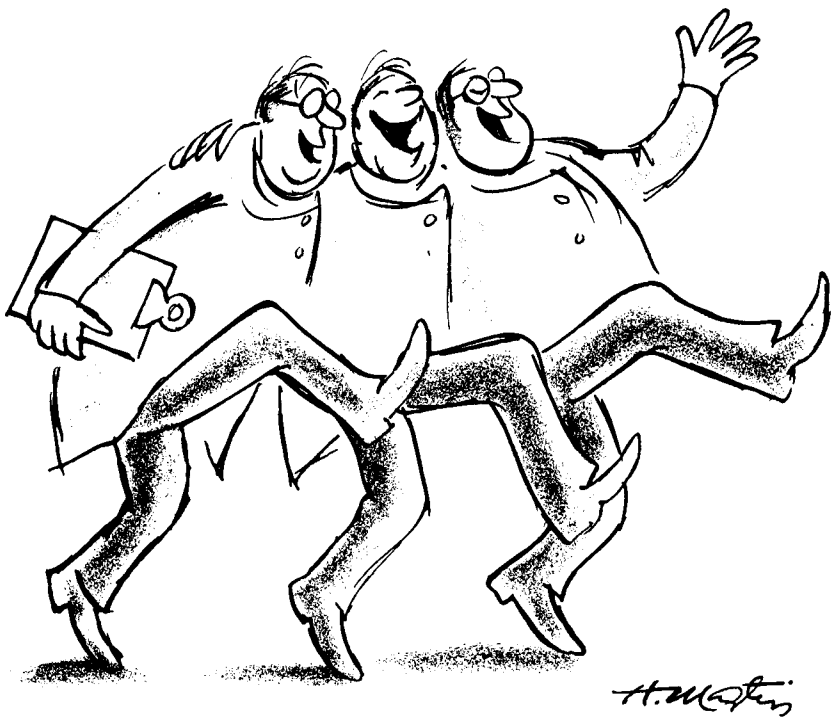
Meanwhile, back in the *time-in*, it is January 10, A.D. 1974, the Kohoutek announcers are solemnly announcing something else, and I haven't had a glimpse of the thing. Gizmo-Kohoutek *is* out there, but the promised sky show has laid an egg. If I had a telescope, I am told, I could see it more or less tail on and going away. I just don't happen to have a telescope. If I had a TV set, I understand, I could tune in and hitchhike on the network telescope. But for these three months it is a pleasure and a grace to live without TV. I think I see it in my mind's eye. It is diving away between Jupiter and Venus, and I know where they are: I have been watching them in splendid conjunction night after night. I know where to look. I simply have nothing to look with. With the assistance of half this world's experts, I have missed it.

Worse yet, for the next 80,000 or 800,000 years, I'll have to listen to Isaac Asimov being smug about his visit with Kohoutek. Always a smarty-pants, he sailed in December on the *QE II* on a cruise especially planned to provide a superview of sunrise-Kohoutek. It happened to sail under a total overcast, and no one aboard saw Kohoutek; but Isaac will lie. He will claim he brought along an ultraviolet telescope with a hypergolic continuum prodsponder, which rayed right through the clouds on an alternate time band. And he'll have photos to prove it.

So for the next (80 or 800)X years, he will eat out on the ultraviolated truth, while I sit below the salt with nothing to comfort me but a vision of journalistic hacks and newscasters hurtling in orbit and trailing a sky-wide tail of living-color gases.

Even aside from Asimov, I feel depressed. I feel as if the universe had come calling and I had absentmindedly told the footman—the eternal one who holds my coat and snickers—that I couldn't see it just then.

—Oh, well: the next time. □



"Oh, the Cro-Magnon bones are connected to the Neanderthal bones, the Neanderthal bones are connected to the Heidelberg bones, the Heidelberg bones are connected to the Peking bones. . . ."

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E. Fred Sher

Caballé as Elena in I Vespri Siciliani—*An admirable opera systematically bad-mouthed by the tastemakers.*

Verdian Vespri: A Missing Link Restored

by Irving Kolodin

The Metropolitan's venture with the unfamiliar that brought the whole of Berlioz's *Les Troyens* into the repertory of an American opera house for the first time a few months ago has been climaxed by a similar service on behalf of Verdi's *I Vespri Siciliani*. Some would quarrel with the look of the result as staged by Josef Svoboda and directed by John Dexter, but there is a great deal to admire and much to enjoy in the musical effort of a cast headed by Montserrat Caballé and Sherrill Milnes under the responsive leadership of James Levine.

Unlike *Les Troyens*, which for decades has been extolled by the tastemakers, *I Vespri Siciliani* has been as systematically bad-mouthed in the same circles. To be sure, Berlioz wrote no better opera than *Troyens*, whereas Verdi composed ten of greater distinction than *Vespri*. Nevertheless, there is in it much more that is "worthy of the composer," to quote the usual demarcation in the guides, than an overture that is a staple of band concerts, a fine bass aria, and a sprightly soprano solo known as the "Bolero." A deft incision to expel some of the air pumped into it by Verdi in respect to the Parisian taste for which it was written in 1854–55 and a scalpel to some of the fat (in the form of ballet music) have made the best of the rest much more conspicuous.

Pared of its un-Verdian accommodations to the conditions under which it was commissioned, *I Vespri Siciliani* emerges as just what it is—a missing link in the chain between *La Traviata*, which precedes, and *Un Ballo in Maschera*, which follows. The text is all too much the mixture of the banal and the threadbare, which Verdi endured until he started to tell his collaborators how to write what he wanted. But the plot concerning the uprising of the Sicilians (in the thirteenth century) against the occupying French aroused the libertarian in him. Given Levine's perceptive ear for such values and Dexter's sincere striving for essentials in direction, *Vespri* asserts an undeniable claim to be truly Verdian.

As in many of Verdi's early and middle operas, the key to the solution of the problem is in the voice and personality of its principal female performer (whether called Abigaille, in *Nabucco*, Elvira, in *Ernani*, or Lady Macbeth, in *Macbeth*). In *Vespri* it is the character of Elena, a part impersonated with commanding excellence by Maria Callas in Italian revivals of the Fifties.

As of then, Miss Callas could bestride the stylistic schism the role contains, to give nearly equal effect to the florid writ-

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ing Verdi inherited from Bellini and Donizetti and to the palpitating dramatic expression he invented. Caballé cannot, of course, create such an infuriated Elena as Callas was: But she is superbly qualified to go even beyond her predecessor in glorifying the older order of vocal challenge. Her exquisitely defined version of *"Arrigo! ah parli a un core"* in the next to the last scene aroused a storm of applause that was only quieted when the singer gestured for it to stop and let the opera continue. This was an echo of the success Caballé had enjoyed a week or so before in Carnegie Hall for her finesse in seldom-heard arias of Handel and Vivaldi as well as Bellini and Donizetti. It was a reminder, too, that in works which cross stylistic lines, as *Vespri* does, it is better for an impresario to cast for strength to one side or the other rather than compromise both. In this instance of the operatic bargain, the choice of Caballé purchases beauty of line and phraseology, rare at any time, at the price of dramatic credibility. It will have to do until the next Callas comes along.

The other principals had less virtuosity to dispense but a variety of alternative values. Best balanced among them was the effort of Milnes as Monforte, governor of the occupying French. As if being governor were not difficulty enough, he has to cope with the problem that the head of the insurgent Sicilians, Arrigo, is his son by a secret affair with a woman who had cursed him with her dying breath. The thankless task thrust upon Nicolai Gedda of playing Arrigo to a "father" years his junior was further complicated by insufficiencies of vocal range and power. Justino Díaz did not bring excitement to the incitement of the other rebel, Procida, but he sang the music powerfully.

As a totality, the dark scenic scheme of Svoboda could be described as perfect for *Fidelio*, which takes place in a prison. It is also perfect for the one scene in *Vespri* that is also in a prison: But the other requirements were less well served. The clear artistic purpose of the long flight of stairs by which it is dominated is to intensify the conflict of Elena's love for Arrigo with her devotion to the rebel cause he abandons under the pressure of his newly found father. The spatial arrangement also makes impressive use of the side and rear spaces of the Metropolitan stage for crowd movement. But when the action calls for Procida to enter from a beach, and he merely appears at the top of the staircase to declaim the famous aria *"O tu Palermo,"* the production scheme is begging the issue rather than responding to it. Dexter's action was constantly alive, forthright, and, best of all, disrespectful of operatic convention. Arm thrusts and body lunges were suppressed, and strong postures and expressive repose substituted for them. Jan Skalicky's good-looking costumes were mostly in the tonality of the dark surroundings, with a well-devised burst of color for the wedding, which touches off the massacre of the French by the Sicilians.

Perhaps the most enduring outcome of this risky venture is the contribution of Levine to its musical success. The performance of the overture was, as has been his wont, physically forceful and a shade brutal aesthetically. But as the performance progressed, welcome variations in accent and emphasis began to accumulate. In the final scenes, the adjustment of the orchestra to Caballé's finely spun sound and the implementation of Verdi's subtle contrasts of indecision and excitement compel the creation of a new timetable for Levine's emergence to musical maturity . . . like now? □

WIT TWISTER NO. 17

Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word. Answers on page 58.

Sleek and fat, the — — — — — —
stood
In the — — — — — — of the
wood,
Celebrating with a squeal
His most — — — — — — insect
meal.

Contributed by Shirley A. Nelson, Medford, Oregon

ANSWER TO MIDDLETON DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 44

(ANDREW) DOWDY: MOVIES ARE BETTER THAN EVER

And so we went to . . . the flicks, using them as the speediest available antidote to the toxic effects of uninterrupted higher education. However . . . corny, the movies provided a ready sense of community, a shared mythology no more arcane than bone-deep memories on which we had grown up.

Henry Fonda
Maureen O'Hara
Ben Johnson and Clint Howard
in the repeat of the Emmy Award winning telecast of
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Fri. March 22, NBC-TV
Consult local listings for time and channel.
Bell System Family Theatre

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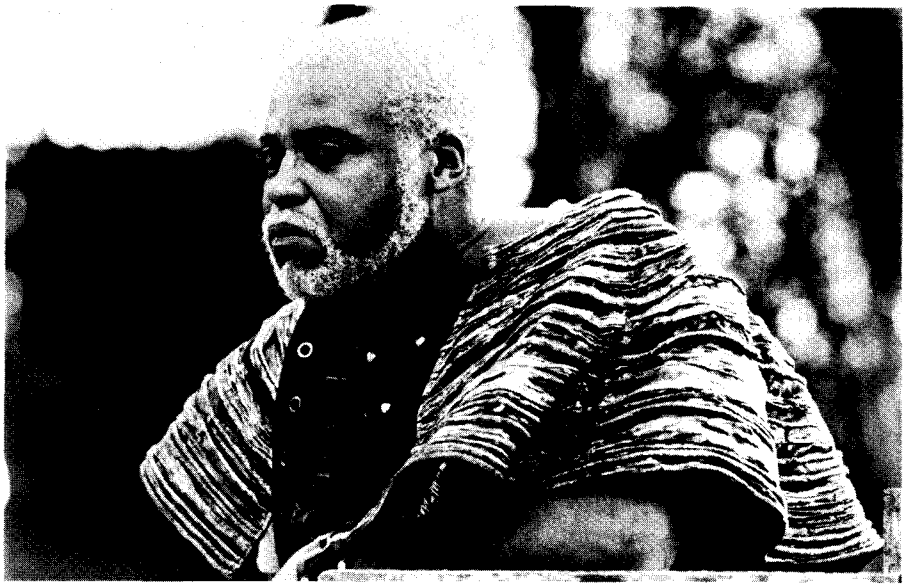

James Earl Jones in King Lear*—A major step toward a living relationship between the theater and television, which is the de facto national theater of the land.*

Theater on the Tube

by Stephen Koch

"Theater in America" is a new Public Broadcasting System series, funded by Exxon, which transforms into television various productions from regional theaters across the country. It's an adventure one welcomes enthusiastically, less for the touching good deed of its regional egalitarianism than because it is a major step toward establishing a living relationship between the theater and that electronic tube, which is the de facto national theater of the land. One hopes that, eventually, major new theater production will hold out for its television deal and that, above all, new people will create for television new works of the stature found in days of yore only on the stage and in films. That point has not yet been reached, but the people responsible for "Theater in America" are to be much congratulated, especially Jac Venza, who has been television's and theater's Knight of Faith these many years.

Do not regret having missed some of these works on the stage. Television sometimes vastly improves a work. Maxim Gorky's *Enemies*, for example (produced on stage last year at Lincoln Center)—a three-act exploration of a crisis between pre-revolutionary Russian factory workers and the lords of their manor—has been changed from the stupefying thing it was at Lincoln Center into something positively interesting. This—thought I, sitting in the first-night audience at Lincoln Center—*this* is what the great theatrical innovators have wasted a half-century of inspired genius railing against. But no: The camera has given *Enemies* texture, rhythm, air—saved it.

"Theater in America" has also come up with a minor discovery, the forgotten *June Moon* by George S. Kaufman and ("shut up, I explained") Ring Lardner, Jr., about the fortunes (circa 1929) of a country hick coming to New York to make it as a songwriter. It's a delicious period piece, bristling with a period humor for which your reviewer confesses to being a sucker: what in 1929 was called "sophisticated smartcracking." I am a shameless Dorothy Parker fan, and somehow the spirit of the lady who thought she might as well live presides over all, deadpan, eyebrow arched. The cast is as snappy as the script (no regional theater this): Estelle Parsons, Jack Cassidy, Tom Fitzsimmons, Kevin McCarthy, and, in an excellent acting debut, Stephen Sondheim as the single competent in a world of musical incompetents, and the chief smartcracker.

ADRIAN HALL'S *Feasting With Panthers* is the single new work of the series, produced originally with great éclat at Hall's Trinity Square Theater in Providence. It purports to dramatize the imagining, remembering mind of Oscar Wilde as he served his term at Reading Gaol, its script derived largely from Wilde's letters, especially the amazing long letter to Lord Alfred Douglas called *De Profundis*. As television, the production is strong, flamboyant, streaked with brilliant moments. But it lacks coherence: The imagining mind—certainly Wilde's—is more coherent than life, not less. I quarrel with the script: By glossing over his relation with Douglas, Hall substitutes for a solemnly powerful reality a weak, scattered fiction that reduces its subject. Being transformed into the nineteenth century's most famous sinner was central to Wilde's humiliation: Hall leaves Wilde a symbol and does nothing to rescue him from that. In consequence, an extraordinary mind becomes almost silly. "The poor are kinder than we are," wails Hall's Oscar, delivering as almost slobbering sentimentality what was really a singularly profound and intelligent encounter with class humiliation and oppression among his fellow prisoners at Reading.

I have not yet seen the *Antigone* or the *King Lear* with James Earl Jones. And nobody can like everything in such a series. Your reviewer could live a long time (like forever) without *In Fashion*, an effort to turn Feydeau's *Tailleur pour dames* into a musical. As for Leonard Bernstein's *Mass*, I have already expressed in these pages my views and will not numb the reader with repetition, except to note that in a misplaced act of love and/or ambition, the Yale students who perform it for television have made it better than it was at the Kennedy Cen-

Gorky's Enemies*—"The camera has given it texture, rhythm, air—saved it."*

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Bernstein's Mass—*"In a misplaced act of love and/or ambition, the Yale students who perform it have made it better than it was at the Kennedy Center."*

ter. But though sows' ears are sows' ears, it could scarcely have been otherwise.

The revelation of "Theater in America" is Clifford Odets's *Paradise Lost*—a rebroadcast of a work done earlier for Jac Venza and produced and directed by Glenn Jordan, who must be a man of considerable parts, to judge from this. The play was last produced before I was born: Odets today has the dreary status of a patronized and dismissed classic. In point of fact, this study of the destruction of a middle-class family beneath the juggernaut of the Depression must be one of the most densely conceived and thoroughly moving productions ever entrusted to videotape. I can only urge it on the reader: A plot summary belies it with something that sounds like soap opera, though that may be the secret of its overwhelming success as a vehicle for television. It is paradoxical that this extraordinary work should be remembered only now. It was for plays like this—indeed, perhaps for this very play—that method acting, as derived from the Group Theater, was invented. It is a style useful for only a small number of plays, though for thirty years almost every American actor has been trained in it. The flawless cast, headed by Eli Wallach and Jo Van Fleet, simply walks through perfection, every one alive with the simplicity of those who, by returning to the origins, have found themselves. May the series run and rerun. □

Odets's Paradise Lost—*"This study of the destruction of a middle-class family must be one of the most thoroughly moving productions ever entrusted to videotape."*

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George Platt Lynes
Maria Tallchief—Eurydice in Orpheus.

Dance Between Covers

by Walter Terry

Three magnificent dance books, celebrating not only public triumphs but also the deepest secrets of art and the artist, have recently been published. At first glance they may appear to be stunning examples of cocktail-table snobbery, for they are supersize, richly produced, lavishly illustrated. They are: *Starring Fred Astaire,* by Stanley Green and Burt Goldblatt (Dodd, Mead, $22.50); *The New York City Ballet,* text by Lincoln Kirstein and photographs by Martha Swope and George Platt Lynes (Knopf, $25.00); *The Notebooks of Martha Graham,* introduction by Nancy Wilson Ross (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $25.00). But they are far more than display products; they are, in truth, superb, permanent testaments to the accomplishments of the most ephemeral of the arts.

Fred Astaire. Has this century seen another dancer equal to him? One hundred and fifty years before him, Master Juba, born William Henry Lane, whose forebears were slaves, brought from Africa, was hailed and billed, both in his native America and in Europe, as "the greatest dancer in the world" and "the king of all dancers." Juba's dancing was the immediate ancestor of American tap. Fred Astaire, the son of an Austrian immigrant, elevated tap to a new peak of perfection to become, for this century, "the greatest tap dancer in the world."

Starring Fred Astaire is, of course, all about this unique man who made his dancing debut just slightly less than seventy years ago. The delightful text gives us his story, inside views of his stage shows and screen shows (both movies and TV), bits of dialogue, plots, and anecdotes. And the photos! They are fabulous! Starting with his sister and partner, Adele, they range from child vaudeville acts through the great years of glittering musicals in New York and London to the fifty years of movies that brought his dancing to millions of devoted fans around the world and, as a by-product, encouraged many American boys to turn to dance for their careers. In an incredible array of pictures, all his partners (especially Ginger Rogers, with whom he created the magical "Astairogersland") and all his co-stars are there and, most important of all, action strips of those dances—on the floor, in the streets, on stages, over furniture, on walls and ceilings!—that captivated the world.

BALANCHINE, WHO HAILS Astaire as the star dancer of our day, is himself the major star of the New York City Ballet. He rarely performs, although he can be deeply moving as a mime in his own *Prodigal Son* or *Don Quixote,* but it is his genius that has molded the New York City Ballet, the dynastic companies that preceded it (the American Ballet, Ballet Society), and the School of American Ballet, which was brought into being in 1934 to produce the kind of dancing bodies he requires in his many ballet creations, which dominate the New York City Ballet repertory.

The New York City Ballet is a pictorial record of Balanchine's choreographic accomplishments and those long, lean dancers who have breathed life into his ballets. Jerome Robbins is also represented (and Martha Graham briefly), but it is a book about a world-famous company that in itself is all about Balanchine. Not to be dismissed is the text by Lincoln Kirstein, the director of the New York City Ballet, the man who

Louis Peres
Martha Graham—Dancer-dramatist.

brought Balanchine to America, and one of the major figures in the chronology of American dance achievement. Brief diary entries, beginning in 1912 and continuing through Kirstein's initial meetings with Balanchine and the subsequent evolving of his American ballet accomplishments, are each augmented by today's reflections and clarifications.

The George Platt Lynes photos, recording the first Balanchine-Kirstein years, are in themselves a historic treasure, since this major artist is now dead. And Martha Swope, one of today's major dance photographers, has completed the record to date with her photographs, which do not stop movement but cause it to pause long enough to allow us to savor it at leisure. The book, with its vast selection of black-and-white photos and appropriate splashes of color, celebrates the twenty-fifth birthday of the New York City Ballet but, generously, goes back in time to do honor to its inceptive years.

"LINCOLN KIRSTEIN—NAIVE—'like a fox'" is one of the cryptic comments in *The Notebooks of Martha Graham.*

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There are many more such teasers, but for the most part the book is an endlessly fascinating journey into the mind, the emotions, the visions, the nightmares, and, indeed, the very being of one of the great dance figures of the ages. It was never planned for publication; hence it is written in fragments—but fragments that come together to create the whole. Miss Graham herself told me that she wasn't at all sure that it would interest dancers very much, because it talks very little about steps and *enchaînements*. She thought it might interest people in the drama more.

She is probably right, because Miss Graham, though a dancer, thinks as a dramatist. Where Balanchine finds his inspiration in music (and often achieves fine drama), Graham, a highly musical person, sees her creations as drama, even though they may be the inner, secret drama of a single being. In fact, she occasionally refers, in these pages of her book, to her dancers as actors.

THE TEXT DEALS with her preparations for more than thirty of her works, including a few that never reached the stage (and you'll wish they had!), and her comments, sometimes accompanied by diagrams, include mainly her sources of stimuli (an endless array of dramatists, poets, historians, prophets, and scientists spanning millennia), represented in short quotes from their writings, her own musings and self-queryings, and her occasional instructions.

You will find, then, not only the swift, passing reflections of Graham, jotted down when she was collaborating with Balanchine and Kirstein on *Episodes*, produced by the New York City Ballet, but also, in the section about the backgrounds of *Dark Meadow* and its testament to fertility-immortality, such passages as "Earth-Mother, Keeper of the fire-heat, in a box, in cave, under skirt, between legs . . ." or the "Sleeping Beauty—Legend—girl is enclosed between the bark & the trunk, Is freed by youth with his horn." To herself she says, "I will not be released from this bondage until I have released myself. No man can do it for me. There is a cry against Fate when we first see her face. But then after the terror of recognition passes we can live with her as we are destined to do—forever."

Or, as the tormented heroine of her four-act *Clytemnestra* faces her son, Orestes, Graham interweaves dramatic point with movement instructions: " 'I—Clytemnestra.' Stark position wt. on r., l knee upturned in 1 arm over head; 'Anguished.' Lunge to l., beat floor r. hand, turn tight on r. to front, 1 arm flung across body & face—feet together." And more. The photographs are by Barbara Morgan, Martha Swope, and others, all focusing on Miss Graham, just as this endlessly fascinating, hypnotic book is wholly centered on a theater genius unlike any who ever lived before or who will come again.

Fred Astaire (with Ginger Rogers)—"A new peak of perfection."

THESE THREE ARE expensive books—and I would recommend them unhesitatingly—but the ever-growing literature essential to all who care about dance includes books that are inexpensive. In this category, I would endorse without reservation the paperback publications of dance classics by Dance Horizons (Brooklyn, N.Y.). There are now in this series forty-five books (some selling for less than two dollars) spanning five centuries. They range from the early (1588) *The Dancing Master* by Rameau, through Noverre's historic *Letters on Dancing and Ballets*, to books by Karsavina, Ted Shawn, Ruth St. Denis, and John Martin, as well as two books describing two totally different kinds of dance script—Labanotation and Benesh. Illustrations are abundant, too. You can't go wrong. □

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Film

The Past Recaptured —Violently

by Hollis Alpert

Hanging heavily over Robert Altman's *Thieves Like Us,* as well-made a film as we've had lately, is Arthur Penn's *Bonnie and Clyde.* The Altman film derives from a Depression novel of the Thirties by Edward Anderson, which in turn derived from the hard-boiled crime school of Cain, Chandler, and Hammett, with a dash of Hemingway thrown in. Penn's film came more or less from life as filtered through the screenplay of David Newman and Robert Benton. Both deal with criminal teams who compensate for the lack of legal opportunities to make a living by robbing banks in the rural areas of the Southwest. And both films tend to romanticize their major characters at the expense of more respectable folk who merely take from banks the money they've already put in.

There is no denying that *Thieves Like Us* is Altman's best film. He recreates place and period with sensitive, earthy detail. The characters not only grow but also grow on us, particularly the youngest of the three criminals, Bowie, and his sad-faced, backward girl friend, Keechie, whose life is so dreadfully stunted that we comprehend her attaching herself to a desperado who hasn't much of a future, since he's already being sought for escaping from a life sentence in jail. But why is it that our best and best-established American directors must continue to take crime as their subject matter, digging back into material that has already been sufficiently riffled through?

From the opening shot, which is so filled with technical virtuosity that it would take a technician to adequately explain how it was done, we know we are in the hands of a cinematic artist. With economy and fluidity the film introduces us into the circumstances of the three lifers who have made their escape and must remain outlaws. They succeed for a time, but fate and the resources of society are converging upon them, and no sooner are we in the beginning than we know the inevitable end—just as we did with *Bonnie and Clyde.* Altman keeps it vivid and alive, but in emotional terms it's in a minor key.

The two older criminals, Chicamaw and T-Dub, have a certain color, but they're essentially dull people who live and operate according to their limited illusions. Altman doesn't bother to do much more than indicate their endings. Bowie and Keechie are limited, too, but love enters in their case, and their story is one of doomed romance. But it's pathetic rather than tragic; looked at baldly, they were fools to begin with. By now they're part of a native tradition —lovers doomed because society doesn't like people who rob banks.

Altman's use of the sound track is by now familiar, too. Radio has been rediscovered by the cinema, and it's being used to fill in period atmosphere. So, as the bank robbers speed around, or hole up with family or friends or in shacky motels, the radio blares, creating the all but requisite nostalgia. But it is worked too hard. When Bowie and Keechie have their first sex experience, the radio is presenting a version of *Romeo and Juliet.* Irony, of a rather heavy sort. Being young and hot-blooded, they decide to make love twice more, and each time the unctuous voice of the announcer comes on, repeating his summary of Shakespeare's plot. Why? Altman's joke, perhaps. Unfortunately, it doesn't work, and the scene, as a result, becomes lame.

As the bank robbers speed around, the radio blares, creating the all but requisite nostalgia.

The film is otherwise unflawed and has fine performances by Keith Carradine as Bowie and Shelley Duvall as his rural girl friend. John Schuck and Bert Remsen are fully believable as the two other bank robbers, and the faces, the voices, the actions, of the more minor characters are orchestrated beautifully by Altman. One's chief regret is that it was not more worth doing.

Man on a Swing is a crime film with considerably more originality than *Thieves Like Us,* but in spite of good handling by Frank Perry, it is less satisfactory. The story hinges on the efforts of a small-town police chief to solve the baffling sex murder of a local girl. She was last seen in a shopping center; when found, strangled, she is in her own Volkswagen, parked at that same shopping center. Clues are virtually nonexistent. Enter now a little man who claims to be a clairvoyant and, though clearly innocent himself of the crime, is able to recreate it with astonishingly accurate detail. Is the clairvoyant a fake, or does he really know? The police chief makes it his business to find out, and while doing so, discovers that he and his wife are being terrorized—perhaps by that same clairvoyant.

An interesting and even, at times, a palpitating situation. The police chief's wife is pregnant and stays home alone a good part of the time. There are strange noises, knockings at the door. An envelope is shoved through the mail slot, and it contains only gibberish. Then another sex murder occurs, and this time the culprit is caught. Did he also commit the other crime? The police chief now begins to suspect that the clairvoyant hypnotized the murderer and instructed him to commit both crimes. And it is at this point the story begins to run out, leaving us to guess at the conclusion.

It is because of the ending that the film doesn't add up. We are given a mystery that ends as an enigma. But it turns out there is a reason for its lack of finality. The story is based on an actual case and on actual people. In real life, the first murder was never solved, and the police chief, his wife, and the clairvoyant moved away. To have provided a solution would have involved certain legalities, which, I suppose, I oughtn't to go into. So, the director, Frank Perry, and the screenwriter, David Z. Goodman, went as far as they legally could in adding up the story but were forced, as I understand it, to stop short of stating what was in their minds. Too bad, because they had something interesting going. Cliff Robertson as the police chief and Dorothy Tristan as his terrified wife give solid, evocative performances. Joel Grey, with the plum role of the clairvoyant, provides some scary moments but can't quite handle all of its demands. Even so, the film comes very close to being a first-rate thriller, with a decidedly new and different wrinkle on a form that badly needs new wrinkles. □

Answer to *Wit Twister*, see page 53. tenrec, center, recent.

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Starve the Child, Famish the Future

In the late Sixties two pioneer investigators into the effects of malnutrition on brain development—Myron Winick and Pedro Rosso of The New York Hospital–Cornell Medical Center—came to some important conclusions, based on studies of the brains of Chilean children: A child who is poorly fed during early infancy may never attain his full brain growth, even though he is well fed thereafter. Similarly, a fetus, malnourished in the womb, may never make up for the brain cells and structures that never came properly into being. Malnutrition both before *and* after birth virtually dooms a child to stunted brain development and therefore to considerably diminished mental capacity *for the rest of his life.*

At around the same time as Winick and Rosso were carrying out these and related studies, Stephen Zamenhof of UCLA, another pioneer in this area of research, was conducting rat experiments that confirmed these conclusions. But Zamenhof and his colleagues carried the revelations a step further. When an underfed female rat was mated with a well-fed male, the resulting newborns showed distinct signs of brain malnutrition—as expected—even though they were put on an adequate diet starting at birth. The surprise came when the offspring, the second generation of females, which had been well nourished throughout their lives and during their own pregnancies, nevertheless gave birth to newborns with brain growth likewise retarded. The mothers were apparently unable to develop a placenta adequate to the proper nutrition of the fetus. Thus, in the case of these rats at least, the curse of malnutrition was carried into the third generation!

Rats, of course, are not people. Nevertheless, over the past several years many researchers in embryology, pediatrics, neurology, nutrition, and allied disciplines have been learning more and more about the disquietingly long-range effects of malnutrition on brain, behavior, and intellectual ability. Familiarity with this growing body of literature gives one a new outlook on hunger.

Consider the latest outbreak of famine, this time in several drought-stricken nations of Africa. Once more the newspapers carry numbing statistics of the dead and near-dead. Again we see pictures of rickety children with swollen bellies, of old people with hope-emptied eyes, the skin clinging to their bones. The human mind does not relate well to statistics, but it does relate—at least fleetingly—to the visible suffering of other human individuals. Those who can do so will undoubtedly respond to the appeals for aid. Food distribution will almost certainly be inadequate and ill organized. But it will begin to bring some nourishment and relief to the victims. The overall situation will gradually improve, the crisis will abate, and the famine will be declared over.

For us, it will all have been a transient, remote episode in the midst of our other preoccupations. When new headlines tell us of another famine somewhere in the world, we will notice again. But hunger is always with us, over vast regions of the planet. Our own continent, and our own country, is certainly not exempt. Though "famine," so labeled, seldom occurs, there exists chronic, widespread malnutrition. During a famine it simply occurs on an accelerated, wholesale scale.

For survivors of a famine, the ordeal is never really over. Its ravages, as studies have now made clear, may be lifelong and irrevocable. In the first few years of life, the brain grows much faster than the rest of the body. If this growth does not occur on schedule, there is no second chance. This is even truer of prenatal brain development. From fertilized egg to embryo to fetus to infant, growth takes place according to a rigidly timed genetic program, with not much give in it. When brain cells need to divide and new structures need to be formed, the materials—all the materials—and the energy to put them together must be at hand right there and then. DNA can provide the instructions, but the nutrients must come through the placenta. A poorly supplied assembly line cannot be expected to turn out a perfect product.

We have all known that physical growth may be stunted by malnutrition, but we have not understood the extent to which brain function and mental capacity can be impaired. (An excellent new book on the subject is *The Malnourished Mind* by Elie Shneour. The author argues convincingly that the nutrition factor has been too lightly considered by those currently debating the comparative IQs of blacks versus whites.) We have certainly recognized that famine and chronic hunger are tragic circumstances, but we have not recognized the true dimensions of the tragedy. When we think of entire populations undergoing a long siege of near-starvation, of children and fetuses by the hundreds of thousands deprived of their basic nutritional needs, we must now understand that these populations may have to function at a considerably diminished intellectual level compared with their genetic potential.

The children who survive will be less able to cope with their ordinary problems, let alone rise to the challenge of situations that require superior intellect or creative ingenuity. The irony is that a nation already afflicted with a plethora of problems, hoping that the new generation will come up with imaginative solutions, may find that the new generation has been sentenced in advance to add to the problems instead—a case of taking away from him that already hath not.

It is patently unfair either for individuals or for nations to be cheated of an equal chance at the future. The human brain, like Mark Antony's crocodile, "lives by that which nourisheth it." If the nourishment is missing, an adult brain can recover; but a developing brain loses forever. This new realization should spur us, through our national and international planning bodies, to renewed vigor in our attack on worldwide malnutrition—with special emphasis on the proper feeding of small children and expectant mothers. Easy answers are not readily at hand. Science and its continuing research effort can point us along the way, but the solutions must ultimately be political—and moral.

ALBERT ROSENFELD
Science Editor

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Science

The Heart Research Frontier

Of infarcts, transplants, and fat molecules. Is atherosclerosis genetic? Should bypass surgery be bypassed? Can heart cells be regenerated?

by Patrick Young and Albert Rosenfeld

Marco Island, Florida

If heart specialists could have their wish, the heart attack–prone American male would soon be able to call himself Mr. Fit. The day is not yet at hand. But MR. FIT (Multiple Risk Factor Intervention Trial) is the fitting acronym they have chosen for a new large-scale attempt to improve the odds for the 15 percent who have the highest risk. Not only will diet and exercise habits be modified, but also entire life-styles will be altered. The project is one of many described here, at a well-planned updating survey of the heart-research frontier, undertaken by the American Heart Association for the education of science writers—who, it is assumed, will in turn educate their readers.

The array of experts offered no glib promise for an overnight solution to the nation's heart problems. But the prevailing atmosphere was one of great, if cautiously expressed, optimism. The talks and papers were not concerned exclusively with the male of cardiac age but paid attention as well to the heart ailments of women and children, and especially to congenital heart defects. They also dealt with the psychological factors in heart disease, believed to be of increasing importance in our stress-filled lives; hence the emphasis, in MR. FIT, on life-style changes. But the major emphasis was on physiology and biochemistry—on what's happening down where it's really happening. And where much of it is happening is in the blood vessels; circulatory problems are so closely linked to heart troubles that *cardiovascular disease* has become virtually synonymous with *heart disease*. On the whole, the sessions were full of excitement and surprises.

Take atherosclerosis, generally acknowledged to be a leading precursor, if not the immediate cause, of a large percentage of heart attacks. Current theory holds that this insidious disease—more popularly known as hardening of the arteries—develops when fats and blood clots cling to injured cells that line the artery's interior wall. This buildup further injures the wall, which then reacts by repairing the damage, adding to the buildup of "plaque." Thus the vicious cycle proceeds until the plaque deposits are so thick, and the passage so narrow, that—like a rusty, corroded pipe—it will not let enough blood through to supply the necessary oxygen to the heart.

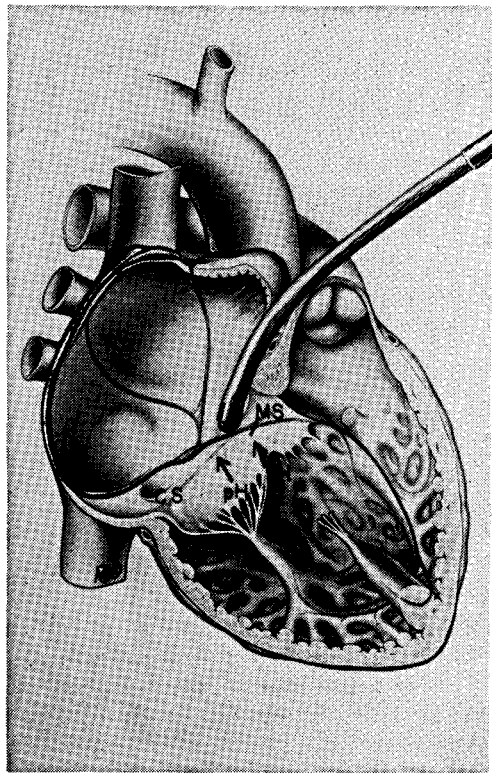
But Dr. Earl P. Benditt of the University of Washington has come up with a startling new notion: Atherosclerosis begins with a single mutated cell in the artery wall. It divides and grows like a tiny wart or benign tumor, providing a handy trap to catch cholesterol and other fatty substances. The implication is that, if this single-cell event (perhaps caused by a virus or an environmental chemical) could be prevented from occurring, then the individual would never develop atherosclerosis.

Because these events do *not* seem to occur in millions of people, who are thus, perhaps, rendered immune to atherosclerosis, Dr. Benditt believes a genetic susceptibility may be involved. Does this mean that atherosclerosis may begin to be looked upon as a genetic disease? "Yes," says Benditt, "in the same sense that some forms of cancer may be looked upon this way—but only as a *susceptibility*, which requires an environmental stimulus to make it happen."

Benditt's unorthodox views are based on a series of painstaking and subtle laboratory studies of enzymatic patterns in the plaque cells of eight deceased women. (Because the studies required that the individual possess two X chromosomes, all males—who have only one X chromosome—were disqualified.)

Suppose there turns out to be no way to stop those individual cells in the artery wall from mutating. Might there still be a way to prevent cholesterol and other fats from attaching themselves to the wall? Dr. Antonio M. Gotto, Jr., of the Baylor College of Medicine, thinks there might well be. Using elaborately structured molecular models, he demonstrated how the fat molecules in question unite with certain proteins—proteins, by the way, that always carry them into the bloodstream. Though the molecules are incredibly complex, the active sites where they join together are highly localized. So it is quite feasible, Dr. Gotto believes, that someone might figure out how to modify a few atoms at the critical sites in such a way that the protein molecules would either carry fewer fats into the blood—or else hang onto them so tightly that they couldn't escape into the artery walls.

While Benditt concentrated on the artery wall and Gotto on how the fats attach to it, others worried about the pressure of the blood moving through the artery. Hypertension—high blood pressure—is known to be one of the major risk factors in heart attacks (as well as in kidney disease and strokes). In fact, Benditt reported that increasing the blood pressure of mice for even a few weeks "causes a remarkable increase in



Courtesy of Dr. Albert Waldo

More damage—sometimes fatal—may result from disturbances in heart's electrical-conduction system than from initial heart attack. Shown is an electrode probe used to study conduction at Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center, New York.

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the rate of multiplication of the cells of the artery wall."

Dr. Alan H. Harris of Johns Hopkins, a behavioral biologist, told how he and his colleagues, using stress and biofeedback techniques, had been able to *teach* a half-dozen baboons to have high blood pressure. They also taught two baboons how to hike their heart rates. "The baboons were eventually able to maintain 50 percent higher blood pressure, or 100 percent higher heart rate, *continuously for twelve hours a day every day,*" said Harris. "These results clearly show that environmental arrangements can produce significant alterations of the cardiovascular system." The obvious moral of the story is that our own life-styles can perhaps do likewise.

Though baboons could continue to raise their blood pressure for weeks on end, they could not be induced to lower it very much. Why? "The body apparently knows that reducing pressure beyond a certain point presents an immediate danger," Harris guesses, "and therefore it resists. But *raising* the pressure does not present an immediate threat. In fact, a big problem with human beings is that they can walk around for years with hypertension and not know it." Dr. A. Clifford Barger of Harvard estimated that some twenty to twenty-five million Americans have hypertension, but half of them exhibit no symptoms and are thus unaware of it. Some scientists at the meeting suggested that, since hypertension appears more and more to be a familial disease with some genetic components, perhaps tests could be devised for pinpointing susceptible individuals early.

IN A HEART ATTACK, especially the form known as "myocardial infarction," oxygen supplies are cut off and muscle tissue is damaged. Some of the tissue dies. As a rule, the fewer the number of dead heart cells, the better the chances for survival. It was formerly believed that once the attack struck and did its damage, that was that. But Dr. Eugene Braunwald of Harvard has shown that the muscle tissue does not die all at once and that prompt action can save vital tissues that would otherwise continue to die.

Unfortunately, heart-muscle cells, like brain cells, cannot regenerate themselves. Other cells, such as those of the skin and intestinal walls, go on dividing throughout life, and those of the liver, for instance, can spring into action to replace their own damaged or diminished numbers. But the heart muscle cannot do this. Because in some species of animals heart cells do possess these regenerative abilities, Dr. Donald A. Fischman of the University of Chicago, among others, has been studying how they do it.

Fischman has now succeeded in both isolating human heart cells and getting them to divide again in the laboratory. Of course, growing new heart muscle in a test tube is far different from growing it in the human body. Moreover, these new cells do not look normal to Dr. Fischman. Just the same, this achievement is a first big step, and Fischman sees every hope that cell division may one day be stimulated in the adult heart muscle. "If this regulatory mechanism could be manipulated by the physician," he says, "one might be in a position to restore damaged heart muscle after an attack. One can envision heart-cell banks similar to bone, cornea, and blood-cell banks now standard in most hospitals."

For that matter, one might grow entire hearts from tissue-culture beginnings and store them for transplant purposes. (Fischman described one recent experiment in which heart cells from a chick embryo, separated artificially, found their way back together again in culture and began beating synchronously.) For now, of course, such speculation must remain in the realm of futuristic fancy.

Meanwhile, what are the prospects for those patients who are beyond help from contemporary treatment, including open-heart surgery—those whose only hope would appear to be an artificial heart or a transplant? The totally implantable artificial heart is at least a decade away, probably longer. As for transplant surgery, it did enjoy a spurt of popularity after Dr. Christiaan Barnard performed his historic "first" on December 3, 1967. But it has languished in recent years and even—in some quarters—fallen into outright disfavor. This is because, out of 228 patients who have received heart transplants throughout the world, only 35 were alive as of February 1, 1974.

But twenty-one of these got their new hearts at Stanford University from the team of Dr. Norman S. Shumway, pioneer in heart-transplant surgery. Today Stanford is the only major center performing heart transplants on a regular basis—about one a month. Dr. Donald C. Harrison, Stanford's chief of cardiology, when asked whether it was not irresponsible for Stanford to continue this operation after it had been dropped by almost everyone else, replied, "No. In our hands it is a credible operation, because we have a team of really devoted and skilled people as well as unparalleled facilities."

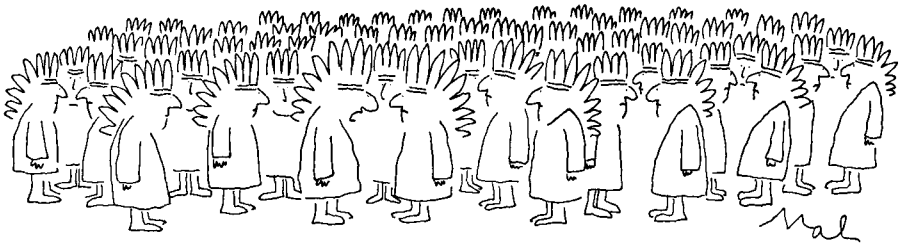
Harrison had come to Florida to talk, not so much about transplants as such, but rather about their fallout benefits—the knowledge gained that would be useful to other heart researchers. For instance, transplanted hearts, because they are severed from all nerve connections (which, like heart tissue, do not grow back), provide a unique opportunity for better understanding the role of the nervous system in heart contraction. One early finding was that medications designed to eliminate or control arrhythmia, or irregular heartbeat, work very differently in transplant patients. Transplanted hearts behave differently in other ways, too.

In their first six long-term survivors (all have now died), the Stanford team found a wildly accelerated form of atherosclerosis. Though this is not the way the disease normally occurs, it gave the doctors an unusual model for studying the disease process. And they found they were able to limit the process by limiting the rejection action, thus providing possible new treatments for more routine atherosclerosis.

Rejection, the immune system's effort to destroy the foreign graft, is accompanied by changes in the heart—a swelling of the heart wall, a stiffening of the muscle, an abnormal heartbeat. In order to detect, observe, and measure these changes, the Stanford team was forced to devise a variety of new techniques, including some that are "non-invasive."

Ironically, the most effective method,

(*Continued on page 63.*)



"Maybe our problem is too many chiefs."

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N.C.

In the days of "Le Grand Docteur"—Albert Schweitzer, on a bank overlooking the Ogooué River at Lambaréné, says farewell to a nurse returning to Europe.

The Schweitzer Hospital After Schweitzer

by Anne Darling

It is 150 miles inland from Libreville, the capital of Gabon, to the Albert Schweitzer Hospital. The trip takes about eight hours by public bus—on a good day, when the roads are not muddy and the line of vehicles waiting at the ferry crossing is not too long. A sign on the bus limited its capacity to twenty-four, but we were forty, not counting the babies or a pair of doomed chickens.

While transportation to and from Schweitzer's famous hospital hasn't changed much since he died nine years ago, the hospital itself has changed considerably. The complex still rests on a gentle slope across the Ogooué River from Lambaréné, a small island-town in what, by African standards, is a small country. Yet the facilities and procedures are no longer those established by its founder. They have been modernized and improved in a continuing effort to help the hospital meet the medical and social requirements of contemporary Africa. Lee Ellerbrock, a retired accountant from California who is something of a general manager for the hospital as well as curator of the Schweitzer Museum, told us why: "Schweitzer understood the African desire to become part of the modern world, and he knew change would come. But he was a reluctant old man. Maybe he just lived too long to accept new ways. He told us to wait until he died to make the hospital modern. So we waited. But now we're making changes, changes that frighten some of the old Gabonese people who lived here with Schweitzer. We explain to them that Gabon is becoming modern, and we must be modern, too. The hospital must be alive."

After Schweitzer's death, Ellerbrock says, the Gabonese government felt a sense of embarrassment over the hospital's antiquated condition, with some officials likening the institution to "a boil on our arm." Says Ellerbrock: "Some people didn't even want us to stay here."

When Schweitzer was alive, concedes Ellerbrock, the hospital was modern only where it needed to be modern. The operating room had electricity, but no place else did. Gabonese women scrubbed sheets, towels, and clothing over washboards in buckets of river water. Latrines were primitive and communal. Even the small living quarters of Schweitzer and his European medical staff lacked running water. Sophisticated medical equipment has been donated to the hospital in recent years, but for the people who live and work here, at least, the important changes have been those improving their standard of living.

Now there is electricity in every room. There are flush toilets, a new water-filtering station, and running water throughout the hospital complex. A modern kitchen has replaced an old one, which now is being used as a store—to provide food and consumer goods at prices far below those the people had been paying outside traders. Someday soon there may even be a telephone, but here by the Ogooué, having a telephone is not really so important.

FROM THE HOSPITAL itself there is dramatic news. A rehabilitation center is being built to serve lepers, polio victims, and others suffering from birth defects, paralysis, and injuries. No such facility now exists in all of Gabon; lepers and crippled persons often are left to beg each day for a few cents to buy food. The Gabonese government wanted the rehabilitation center and pledged to allocate to it $80,000 a year for five years. The International Committee for the Albert Schweitzer Hospital hopes to

Anne Darling, a New York free-lance writer, recently returned from a trip to Nigeria, Zaire, and Gabon.

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bring in $6 million more from supporters in the United States and Europe.

The plan is to raise funds and to complete different parts of the center one step at a time. First, an operating room will be built and equipped. Then a facility for therapy will be constructed. A housing complex built for eighty Biafran refugee children will be used as a children's ward in the rehabilitation center. New living quarters already have been completed for the Gabonese people who will work at the center.

"When Schweitzer was alive, he gave the Gabonese workers little gifts and food and a place to stay," says Lee Ellerbrock. "But we are required now by the government to pay a monthly salary to each worker. And the young Gabonese are very different from their parents. They don't want to live on the floor. They want better housing and money to buy things for themselves."

As the rehabilitation center progresses, services that also are provided by other local hospitals will be phased out. The old people who worked for Schweitzer and have made the hospital their home now receive monthly pensions, and they are being encouraged to return to their villages. But many of them, including several who are mentally ill, will remain; they know no other home.

Unchanged since Schweitzer's time are the quality and commitment of the hospital medical staff—people who were, and still are, attracted to Gabon by the doctor's mystique. A good example is Joan Clent, an ageless, ascetic English nurse who bicycled for nearly 2000 miles from Dakar to the hospital in 1962. When Schweitzer first saw her, he said, "You must be Livingstone." The medical staff, including six doctors, for the most part is made up of young, trilingual Europeans. A Swiss hospital sends doctors to serve in a special eighteen-month intern program. During those months at the hospital, they join what is, in effect, a family; Ellerbrock and his wife are known as "Papa and Mama Lee."

Few of the Westerners now working at the hospital knew Schweitzer personally. But Ellerbrock, who did, each night lights the oil lamp on a desk at which the doctor wrote. "Lord, how we want this rehabilitation center," he told me on one of those nights. "The people need it, and it could be our monument to Schweitzer." It is a monument of which the good doctor would be proud. □

(*Continued from page 61.*)

and one that appears to have great diagnostic potential for heart ailments, is totally invasive. It consists of snipping tiny specks of muscle from the inside of the heart and studying them under a microscope. It all began with one patient whose chest, three weeks after surgery, had to be reopened in order to repair a problem in his breastbone. To the team's surprise, says Harrison, "we saw changes in the tissues that did not show up in any known way of measuring whether rejection had begun to take place or not."

The researchers decided that an ideal way to spot rejection early was to biopsy the heart. They modified a technique developed in Japan in the early Sixties and devised their own tiny forceps. The forceps are placed on the tip of a catheter. A needle is inserted in a neck vein and the catheter slipped through and guided to the heart, where two or three "tissue-paper thin" snips of heart muscle are taken. Says Harrison: "With this technique we can find evidence of rejection by looking at the microscopic sections before it shows up on any of the non-invasive methods we have available. . . . A direct look shows you, for example, those abnormal white blood cells that go with rejection in the muscle and in the lining of the heart. You see the thickening of the muscle, too, before you get any clue from the EKG.

"We've now done 327 biopsies this way, 247 of them on transplant patients. We've been doing them recently as an outpatient procedure, and we've done them on some patients more than once. On one patient we have done seventeen biopsies. So far we haven't done injury to anyone or haven't seen any abnormalities—on the EKG or anywhere else. Nor have we had any major problems with pain. It only hurts locally, where the needle is put into the vessel."

The Stanford team has used the biopsy device for studying non-transplant patients with heart-muscle abnormalities. The doctors worked on a group of patients who had all the symptoms of coronary-artery disease but showed no evidence of atherosclerosis as tested by standard techniques. In examining their microscopic heart samples, they have found abnormalities in the *small* blood vessels and in the membranes between the blood vessels and muscle cells. This finding suggests that the pain results from inability to transport nutrients and oxygen where and when they are needed. "Clearly," says Harrison, "this technique may provide us with an understanding of a great many patients who have cardiac symptoms but in whom it is not possible at this time to demonstrate pathology."

As a case in point, Dr. Albert A. Kattus of UCLA told of instances (about one in 100) of angina pectoris that are so unusual he referred to them as "upside-down angina." Ordinarily an angina victim suffers heart pain when he exercises strenuously, and he usually has atherosclerosis. But in the upside-down cases, the patient may have clean arteries and not be bothered at all by exercise. Rather the severest pain may wake him up from a deep sleep. Though no satisfactory treatment has been devised for what turns out to be a coronary spasm, it does seem to go away eventually all by itself, as mysteriously as it originally came. Dr. Kattus told of one woman on whom a coronary bypass operation was performed—uselessly, as it turned out, since her angina was of the logic-defying, upside-down variety.

Coronary bypass surgery in general came in for a critical look, especially from Dr. John D. Bristow of the University of Oregon. In this surgery—which in the past five or six years has been performed on thousands of patients—a narrowing coronary artery is bypassed by using a piece of vein taken from the leg or thigh. (With variations, this is the basic operation.) Dr. Bristow, after a two-year study at Oregon, believes that, on the whole, those who have had the surgery do feel and perform better than those who have not. "However," he added, "the fundamental issues—prolongation of life and protection of heart muscle—remain to be answered." He estimated that it would take another three to five years for the answers to be certain. At the meeting there were many suggestions that perhaps it would be a good idea, for a while, to bypass the bypass.

AFTER TWENTY-ONE formal presentations and innumerable informal discussions that took up the better part of three days, nearly everyone felt encouraged by reports of progress all along the cardiac front. But when the session turned again to the MR. FIT program and its ambitious attempt to pin down once and for all such risk factors as a high-cholesterol diet, smoking, and stressful life-styles, there arose the one question no one feels too optimistic about answering: Once you have discovered what is good for people—how do you get them to do it? □

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Science

Energy From the Earth's Core

by John F. Henahan

Los Alamos, New Mexico

With the onset of the energy crisis, the geothermal-energy experts are being listened to with new respect. They speak of "breakthroughs" and "explosive developments," and they say confidently that as conventional fuels become ever scarcer and more expensive, the earth's heat is sure to become a major energy source.

These are big claims, but the facts support them: In Italy geothermal steam has been producing significant amounts of electric power since 1904. More recently it has been used for the same purpose in New Zealand, Northern California, and elsewhere. The total electrical capacity of all the world's geothermal power plants is about one million kilowatts. This figure, enough to meet the electrical needs of about four million people, should quadruple by 1985, if the geothermal experts' estimates are sound.

Geothermal energy is produced when rocks lying several thousand feet below the earth's surface are heated to high temperatures by the decay of radioactive elements. When water seeps down from the surface to the hot-rock level, it is heated at high pressure and comes to the surface via natural crevasses or man-made wells, as steam or hot water. This geothermal steam is used to power a turbine, which in turn produces electricity. On the other hand, geothermal hot water also can be converted to steam by distillation processes or can be used to boil other fluids, which are then used to run a power turbine.

At the installation in Italy and in the geothermal fields run by the Union Oil Company in Northern California, the geothermal energy emerges as dry steam, a rather rare occurrence. However, geothermal areas producing hot water are about twenty times more prevalent, opening up much wider prospects for geothermal energy in the future. For example, Dr. Robert Rex, president of Republic Geothermal in Whittier, California, estimates that hot-water geothermal resources below Southern California's Imperial Valley could produce enough energy to meet the electrical-power needs of the entire American Southwest for two or three centuries. The difficulty here is that in some areas of the valley, the geothermal water has such a high salt concentration that it quickly corrodes well-drilling or power-producing equipment—as the San Diego Gas and Electric Company recently experienced. However, in Cerro Prieto, Mexico, an extension of the valley reservoir where the water is much less salty, the Mexican government has had few problems in operating a 75,000-kilowatt geothermal plant since early 1973.

Taking a different approach, scientists of the Atomic Energy Commission's Lawrence Livermore Laboratory, at the University of California, believe that they can use the most corrosive brines in the valley if they run the hot, salty solution through a new corrosion-resistant "impulse turbine." Theoretically, the system should produce about 1.6 times more geothermal power per well than other types of geothermal power plants can.

Other good news for geothermal enthusiasts came only last April, when scientists of the AEC's Los Alamos Scientific Laboratory (LASL), also run by the University of California, performed an experiment that could open up much more of the world to geothermal exploitation. These areas, which contain plenty of good hot rock but *no* steam or hot water, could add several thousand more years to man's supply of useful geothermal energy.

The LASL experiment suggests that man might be able to make his own geothermal steam by feeding cold water down a well into the hot dry-rock area. The scientists predicted that when the cold water encountered the hot-rock area, it would crack the rocks and create a network of fissures. Theoretically, then, when a second well is drilled into the cracked hot-rock area, the pent-up hot water should jet to the surface as steam.

The April experiment bore out the first phase of the prediction. The hot water cracked the rock at a depth of 2500 feet and at a rock temperature of 210° F., prompting LASL's Dr. Morton Smith to admit that "we're pretty pleased with ourselves." Added pleasure comes from the fact that $3 million of the $4.7 million the AEC plans to spend on geothermal energy will be used for digging deeper wells down to hot-rock areas where temperatures and pressures are closer to the requirements for a commercial geothermal steam-producing system.

Compared with solar energy, which is still far too expensive to be used for large-scale power generation at this time, the costs of geothermal energy have never been a problem. The companies now using geothermal energy find that they can build and operate a geothermal power plant more cheaply than they can a fossil-fueled plant. And, says Dr. Rex, a geothermal plant can be put into service in about three years, compared with the fifteen years from drawing board to plant required for a nuclear plant.

Nonetheless, he believes that the roughly $10 million now being spent on geothermal energy by federal agencies is not nearly enough to convince the power utilities that they, too, have a stake in geothermal energy.

"If they put even half of the money [$662 million in 1973] the AEC now spends on nuclear energy into geothermal energy, its growth would be explosive. . . . On the other hand, nuclear energy will make no real dent in the energy picture before 1986 or 1987. By that time, all the electric power produced by the nuclear plants will be used to the hilt, and we will still need more."

In late December the federal government helped put the geothermal approach into more active play by announcing that after four years' delay, it would finally begin leasing federal lands to private geothermal developers. In addition, the AEC, which has been plowing its own energy field in the past, said that it would spend $4.7 million to seek out and develop new geothermal-energy resources. This money—roughly equivalent to all the money spent on geothermal energy by all other federal agencies in fiscal year 1974—will be used primarily by a number of AEC laboratories run by the University of California.

In the minds of most geothermal experts, all that is needed to get that power out of the ground and into the homes and industries of this country is a more serious and better financed appraisal of an energy option that lies beneath our feet. □

John F. Henahan is a free-lance science writer who has been covering various aspects of the energy crisis.

Answer to *Literary Crypt* (see page 41): Many a man has fallen in love with a girl in a light so dim he would not have chosen a suit by it. Maurice Chevalier

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Double-Crostic No. 45

by Thomas H. Middleton

1 S	2 A	3 F		4 W	5 R	6 O	7 H	8 M	9 D	10 S	11 L		12 P	13 V	14 X	15 O
16 W	17 G	18 U	19 L	20 Q		21 K	22 X		23 F	24 N	25 H	26 T	27 M	28 D		29 X
30 Q	31 I	32 G		33 B	34 V		35 P	36 U	37 V	38 J	39 I	40 F	41 M	42 H	43 A	44 Q
	45 F	46 V	47 A	48 P	49 G	50 I	51 N	52 O	53 M	54 U	55 H	56 B		57 A	58 P	59 L
60 S	61 O	62 M	63 T	64 X	65 R	66 Q		67 D	68 S		69 E	70 H	71 U		72 G	73 A
74 L	75 I	76 F		77 O	78 T		79 O	80 X	81 K		82 F	83 D	84 J	85 U	86 N	
87 R	88 C	89 K	90 Q		91 E	92 P		93 U	94 R	95 L		96 B	97 F	98 U	99 I	
100 E	101 U	102 C		103 V	104 B		105 R	106 X	107 O		108 A	109 J	110 X	111 L	112 P	113 C
114 N		115 W	116 D		117 E	118 F	119 S	120 X	121 I	122 G		123 X	124 J		125 H	126 N
127 B	128 X		129 K	130 T	131 A	132 L	133 V		134 T	135 G	136 K		137 R	138 D		139 P
140 F	141 C	142 L	143 S	144 X	145 A	146 I	147 J		148 Q	149 O		150 O	151 T		152 P	153 B
154 C	155 I	156 V	157 M	158 G	159 A	160 N	161 D	162 T	163 L		164 X	165 M	166 I	167 V	168 P	169 O
170 D	171 K	172 E														

INSTRUCTIONS

If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a very few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle.

Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess, and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.

The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.

The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS until the diagram is filled in.

CLUES	WORDS
A. Anything of immense size and power	57 73 108 131 145 159 2 43 47
B. *Spring*; caper	153 33 56 96 104 127
C. American painter (1734–1805; *The American School*)	141 154 88 102 113
D. Yellowish, crystalline, water-insoluble solid used as an antiseptic	170 9 67 83 116 138 161 28
E. Spiffy; dressy; swank	69 91 100 117 172
F. Freedom of movement or opportunity	3 82 23 40 45 76 97 118 140
G. Rising air current caused by heating of the underlying surface	17 32 49 72 122 135 158
H. Hauled up; came to a halt (2 wds.)	42 55 125 7 25 70
I. Rudimentary; undeveloped	75 166 39 50 99 121 146 155 31
J. Of a dark color, complexion, or cast	38 84 109 124 147
K. Walter de la Mare calls clouds "bright _____" ("England"; followed by WORD L)	171 21 129 81 89 136
L. See WORD K (2 wds.)	142 74 11 111 163 19 59 132 95

CLUES	WORDS
M. Remove altogether (2 wds.)	8 165 27 41 62 157 53
N. *People of southwestern* Nigeria	114 24 86 160 51 126
O. The act of getting possession	52 61 77 150 15 169 6 107 149 79
P. "The great man down, you mark his ____ flies," says the Player King (*Hamlet*)	92 152 12 58 168 35 139 48 112
Q. Apex	20 30 44 66 148 90
R. Result; final issue	5 87 137 94 65 105
S. Poison; coffin varnish; red-eye	143 68 119 60 10 1
T. Inasmuch as; since (2 wds.)	151 78 134 63 130 162 26
U. Posture	36 54 71 18 93 101 98 85
V. Inappropriate compact or alliance	37 46 34 167 13 103 156 133
W. Age	16 115 4
X. "When thou shalt be old, thou shalt _____ thy hands, and another shall gird thee" (John 21:18; 2 wds.)	29 64 14 128 120 164 80 22 123 110 144 106

Answer to *Double-Crostic No. 44* appears on page 53.

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Light Refractions

by Thomas H. Middleton

Mental Templates

Linnie Whorf moonlights by typing my puzzles into respectable shape for submission to SR/World, *The New York Times*, and Simon & Schuster, which publishes the puzzle books. Linnie is a puzzlehead. In fact, she comes from a family of puzzleheads. She tells me that, during her formative years, anyone in the company of her three brothers, her mother, and, above all, her grandmother had better not be inept at word games, because that was what life was all about. Linnie's regular job is with a firm bearing the impressive name Environmental Dynamics.

She phoned me a couple of weeks ago to say that she had some puzzles typed up and ready to go. She also said that the firm's accountant had been in the office that day, had discovered Linnie's puzzleheadedness, and had admitted to being a puzzlehead himself. "He gave me a list of numbers," Linnie said, "and asked me to figure out why they were in that sequence." She said she couldn't figure it out. I told her I didn't have time to fool around with number puzzles these days, but just out of curiosity I asked her what the sequence was. "Eight, five, four, nine, one, seven, six, ten, three, two," she said. "I told him right away that the first two pairs of digits each added up to thirteen, but he said that had nothing to do with it. It's driving me nuts."

"Well, I don't have time for that sort of thing," I said. But I wrote the numbers down, and they started driving *me* nuts.

I tried adding, subtracting, multiplying, and dividing. Soon I figured that it wasn't a math puzzle but, somehow, a word puzzle.

I wrote down 8, 5, 4, 9, 1, 7, 6, 10, 3, 2; eight, five, four, nine, one, seven, six, ten, three, two; VIII, V, IV, IX, I, VII, VI, X, III, II.

If you're a fellow puzzlehead, you'll understand the sort of absurd reasoning processes I went through. If you're not, perhaps I can introduce you to a weird insight into this peculiar insanity:

"Eight five four nine."

"Ate five for nine?"

"Ate five for nine one seven six."

"Ate five for nine i seven six?"

"Ate five, for nine is even six?"

"At five, for nine is evens? ix ten? 9, 10?"

"Is even" sounds good. I'm on the right track.

"VIII V IV IX is even."

"VII IV IV IX is even?"

"7, 4, 4, 9 is even."

"26 is even six ten three two."

At this point, I begin to lose my mind. "Let's see: The final two digits, in Roman numerals, are III II. I, i, I, i, I! Maybe. Why not? It sounds like a line from 'The Goldbergs' or a variation on *'Ay caramba!'* or *'Ay, Chihuahua!'* Shades of Leo Carrillo: *'Si, si, Ceesco.'* I'm on the wrong track, obviously."

Back to work. But always there's a nagging presence lying there on top of a stack of magazines: that damned scrap of paper and its nagging 8, 5, 4, 9, etc.

At 3:00 A.M. a dog barks. I wake up, and instead of going back to sleep, I go back to: "Twenty-six is even. Six ten three two. 26 is evens ix, 10, 3, 2. 26 is evens 9, 10, 3, 2. 26 is evens. 24!" I'm losing sleep, falling behind in my work, and going bananas.

For about a week and a half, that sequence elbowed its way into my mind, throwing everything else off stride. A few days ago, Linnie came by with a few freshly typed puzzles. I asked her if her accountant friend had given her the answer to the number sequence. "Yes," she said. "They're in alphabetical order. Isn't that infuriating?"

"That's ridiculous!" I said. Then my mind started snap-crackle-popping like high-voltage Rice Krispies, and I realized that, while it was indeed infuriating, it was not at all ridiculous. It was a marvelous example of the way our minds (or my mind at least) can block out the obvious because we have built-in ways of seeing things.

If, instead of eight, five, four, nine, etc., it had been eggs, fettuccine, flour, nutmeg, onions, soap, steak, tea, tomatoes, turnips, I think I'd have seen the alphabetical order almost immediately. But, because numbers have their own inherent order, it's difficult to shift gears and see them, not as numbers, but as words with alphabetical properties. After spelling the numbers out, I should have caught on.

A few years ago, a corporation—I can't remember which one—had full-page ads featuring the sort of problems that necessitated this temporary suspension of the mental templates—a shelving of the old gestalt. They were fascinating lessons in problem solving.

I wish I'd borne those lessons in mind a couple of weeks ago. I feel pretty silly having racked my brains all this time over 8, 5, 4, 9, 1, 7, 6, 10, 3, 2 when all the time it was literally as easy as ABC. □

"I gave up looking for an honest man. Now I'm looking for fuel for my lamp."

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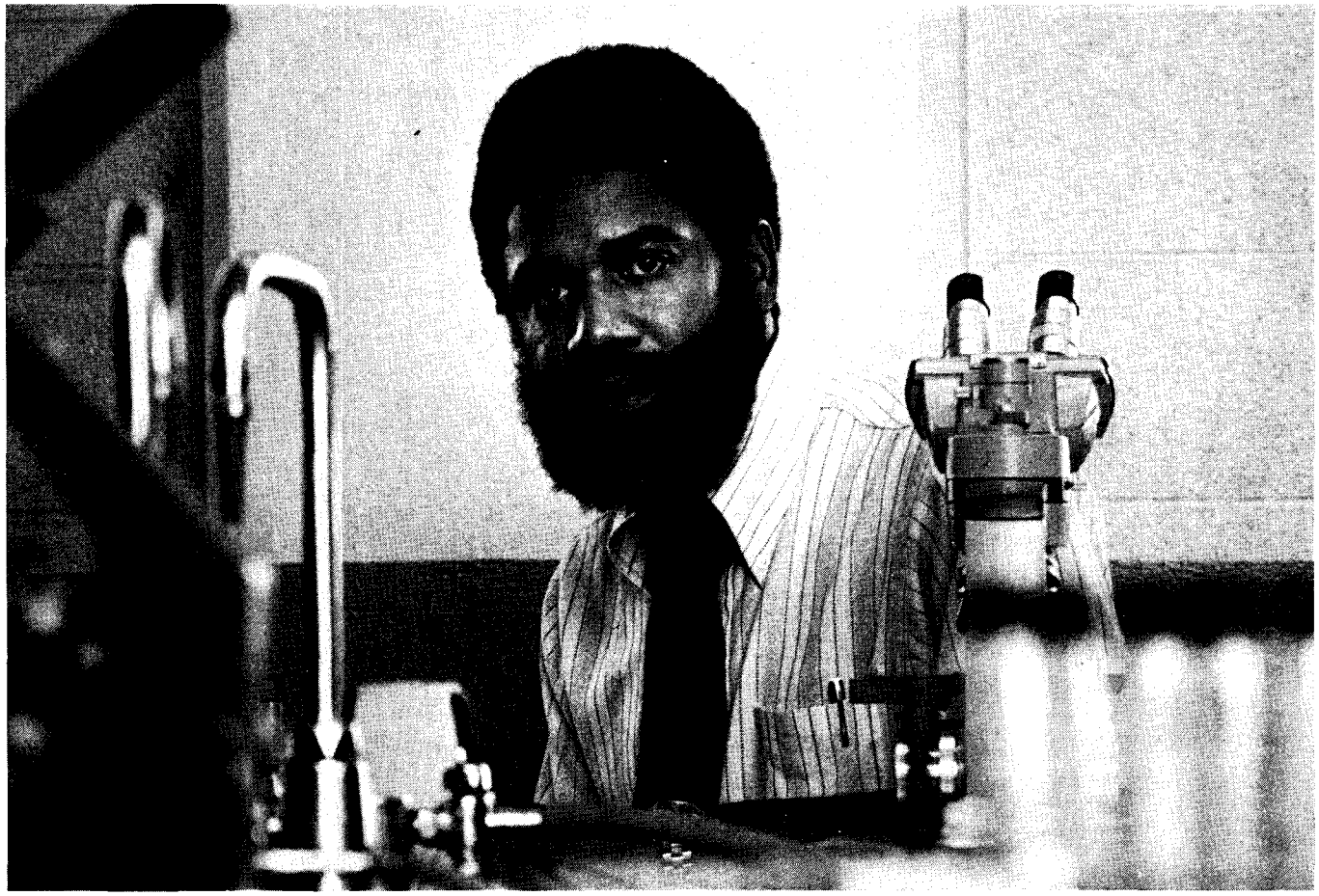

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CHARLES A. WELLS

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AGE: 31

PROFESSION: Molecular Biologist

HOBBIES: Tennis, bicycling, bowling.

LAST BOOK READ: "The Black Seventies"

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Ph.D. Dissertation: "The Biochemistry and Physiology of Hormones during the Menstrual Cycle and Early Pregnancy in the Rhesus Monkey."

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